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CASIMIR MAREMMA.

VOLUME II

CASIMIR MAREMMA.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL,"

"REALMAH," ETC.

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CASIMIR MAREMMA.

Chapter XXII.

HIS LETTERS TO HIS FATHER.

LADY ALICE, who had hitherto been somewhat of an indolent fine lady, was, for the moment, metamorphosed into a very industrious young woman. She had not only to assist her lover in his official work, but to attend to her cousin Casimir. Better this, however, than love in idleness. Two idle persons soon exhaust the felicity of courtship. The mere rustic can hardly imagine the enjoyment that hardworked denizens of towns experience in their rare visits to the green fields and hedge-enclosed lanes of the country,—how

they rejoice in pleasant country sounds and sights, in the sweet odours of field and flower, and in breathing real, uncontaminated air. So, too, those enjoy love most, who have little or no time to make it. The stolen, hurried kiss, complained of by Lady Alice as interrupting work, was more sweet to Charles Ashurst than would have been whole mornings spent by these two, under some great beech tree, in telling to each other how much they were in love.

Count Casimir still continued to write letters to his father, or rather to dictate them to Lady Alice, though he was not sure where that father was, and did not know how these letters were to be sent to him. It was, however, a pleasure and a duty to write them. I cannot do better than give one or two specimens of these letters, for they will show what was passing through the young man's mind, and how, in sickness and disaster, and even partial blindness, he never swerved from that object which had become the main purpose of his life.

I select the following letter, because it is

always amusing, and sometimes instructive, to see what a foreigner thinks of us.

My dear Father,

In this letter I am going to talk to you about the English character. Hitherto, I have only spoken to you about the character of the lower classes; but I want now to speak to you about the character of the nation generally, and to ascertain whether you agree with me.

I think a man's views about a new country should always be written down in the first year of his sojourn in it. I have always found that after a time my first impressions in this respect fade. You become one of the people with whom you live; and you cease to observe them critically just as you cease to observe yourself critically.

The English are, as Mr. Thurston says, sadly deficient in organization. I can hardly tell you in how many things their organization is incomplete. In fact, they have much less talent for this kind of work than we have. "Well then," you'll say to me, "how is it that their political constitution is so admirable, and has lasted so long, and has in fact beaten that of any other nation?" I will tell you what I think is the cause of this political superiority. It consists in their moderation. An Englishman never presses

anything to its logical extreme. They understand the value of checks and compromises better than any other people that I have ever lived amongst; they know the use of the drag-chain.

You know what their House of Lords is like—what a profoundly aristocratic assemblage it is. Well, among the lowest of the people, I have found persons who had a great regard for this House of Lords; and, in short, in that lowest class there are zealous Conservatives, who appear, as far as their own private interests are concerned, to have nothing to conserve.

But to go back to organization, you will hardly believe how dull the English are in this important branch of human affairs. It does not seem to me as if any one of them had ever considered in what the merit of organization consists.

You must have observed, my dear father, that they do everything here bit by bit. There is no viewing the thing as a whole.

Then, again, they appear, at any rate the Government and the greatest bodies in the state, to have no notion of the value—the monetary value—of an organizing mind. To put it very plainly, they will not pay the price for organizing skill in the higher departments. Lower down, they sometimes do see the value of this skill; and I have found that some commercial body will pay a salary to its manager far

above that which would be given to any of the permanent officers of state. The French beat them all to nothing in this matter; but then the French have not this wonderful moderation and tolerance which give such security to the English forms of government. The fact is, that Englishmen are not inclined to believe anything to be absolutely true; and therein he is right, for abstract propositions, meeting with the perversity of matter, require infinite modifications. The English have learnt this thoroughly.

Don't you see, my dear father, how this tells for my emigration project? If we could only introduce some organization into a mob of British colonists, we should have a body of the finest colonizers in the world.

Now I am going to talk to you about quite another subject, connected though it be with the national character of the British. They are the most curious people in the world, at least that I have ever seen; I mean that they have the most curiosity, and this I attribute to their dulness. At first I thought that they were a very vulgar people. The intense interest which they show in the movements of their royal or other great personages made me think that; but I now think that it is to be attributed to their dulness: for I observe that any transaction of the humblest kind in the streets attracts their immediate attention.

You cannot get into a cab (that is the name of one of their public vehicles; I do not know whether it was a name known in your time) but you will have two or three people earnestly watching the operation. And if there is a change to be made in the harness, there is quite an anxious and interested crowd to watch this simple proceeding.

I cannot help giving you another instance, a very ludicrous one, of what I mean. When I was working here as a workman in ——'s factory, I often had to cook my own dinner. By the way, you would hardly believe how thoroughly ignorant they are here, in all classes, of the art of cookery. We used to be taught, I remember, in our school-books that the ancient British lived on acorns. I am sure that if any great shake were to happen to this country—I mean if they met with any great political disaster, and the nation were to degenerate—they would gladly go back to their raw acorns, and be delighted to get rid of the tiresome arts of roasting, baking, boiling, and stewing, which have been impressed upon them by their Roman and Norman conquerors.[1]

But all this is parenthesis. Well, as I was saying,

---

[1] Casimir's state of mind, at this period, may be seen in these somewhat peevish remarks, which yet have some truth in them.

I often cooked for myself. One day I happened to fall in with a man wheeling a barrow full of mushrooms, and I thought I would add to my wretched dinner by buying some of them. By the way, again, the English know nothing about mushrooms, and leave the best kinds of those admirable fungi untouched. I shall never get on with my story. Well, I began to buy some of these mushrooms of the man. In a moment I had round me a small crowd of boys, girls, and middle-aged women, looking on with earnest eyes at this simple act of sale. Now, there was no bargaining or chaffering between myself and this man. There was nothing that could, I thought, interest or amuse these people. I could not help addressing my small mob, and asking them what on earth they saw that was remarkable in anybody's buying three pennyworth of mushrooms. Some of them slunk away, but some steadily remained, and declined to move on until they had seen the end of this interesting proceeding.

As I said before, I attribute this tiresome curiosity to their dulness. An Englishman is always desirous of seeing something happen (he is restless as well as dull)—something which, as one of their writers says, "will break the pattering monotony of life."

Another characteristic of theirs is their delight in commonplacedness. Tell a man of any other nation

that he is commonplace, and he will not be pleased with you for saying so; but an Englishman would not object to be thought an ordinary person—anything is better, in his opinion, than to be thought an eccentric person. The best part even of wisdom, they think, consists in not being very wise. All extremes are odious to them.

Well, then, another point. They make such a business about everything—even their pleasures and their pastimes. It is so different with us. If we hunt, we hunt; if we shoot, we shoot; if we race, we race: but here, there are hunting men, shooting men, racing men, each of them with his own specialty, which he carries out to the uttermost. This afternoon a young man came to call at Lochawe House, and was received by cousin Alice. I listened to the conversation. "I assure you, Lady Alice, that if Black Jenny does not behave better than she did last season, it will be impossible for me—absolutely impossible—to hunt three days a week, as I always have done, with the others." If you could have heard the gravity with which he said this, and the manifest expectation of sympathy, you would have thought that it concerned not only his own temporal and eternal welfare, but the welfare of the State, that he should hunt three times a week. Then, as to their shooting; there is something mercantile about it. They keep big books—indeed they do—in which they enter the

results of each day's shooting; and I have seen three or four young men together, poring over these books in the evening, like merchants over their ledgers. In fact, as I said before, they make of all pleasure a business; and something which can be conducted in a business-like manner, is their only idea of pleasure. If they do not, as Froissart says of them, take their pleasures very sadly, at any rate they take them very seriously.

Thus, my dear father, I have given you some of my notions, perhaps very crude, about a people whom we both love so much, for you and I are Anglomaniacs; and I have good reason to be so, seeing that I am the son of an Englishwoman.

No more time. Love to the Professor and Bettina; and believe me, to be as ever,

Your loving son,

CASIMIR MAREMMA.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I go on writing to you, though it is rather discouraging to think that when I have finished my letter I shall not know where to send it. I am always thinking of you, and for you; and sometimes I think, grudgingly and ungratefully, and even enviously, that it is to others you will owe your rescue.

I continue to see a great deal of that friend whom

I have so often talked to you about, Mr. Thurston. Indeed, he and Alice (the latter of whom is at this moment writing for me) are almost the only persons whom I do see—strange to say, I use the word *see*, but I do not distinctly see anything. Yesterday I spent the greater part of the day at Mr. Thurston's house. In the afternoon there were many people visiting him, and there was much good talk—talk of a kind that would greatly interest you.

In the course of conversation arose the question, are there any signs of decadence in England? Mr. Thurston was especially asked to give his opinion upon this point.

He began by saying that he did not believe in the possibility of sound political prophesying. He had observed that political people were often wrong, even when they only attempted to prophesy as regards the fate of so transitory a thing as an administration.

With regard to this decadence, which some people pretend to perceive so clearly, and to be so well assured of, there is a great deal to be said on both sides. "I certainly think," he said, "that the powers of government have been weakened. I mean that each department acts with less force than it was wont to do. The reason of this is obvious. There are now more checks and hindrances to individual action than there ever were.

"For instance, picture to yourselves the case of an individual man—a man of considerable purpose, energy and knowledge—put into what seems great power in a department of the Government. He is fettered by routine, he finds that the business of his office is almost inextricably interwoven with the business of other offices; he is worried by details of every kind; he cannot provide for the ordinary wants of his office without a great deal of most vexatious correspondence with other offices; he finds that he is a slave to clerks in the Treasury, the Audit Office and the Board of Works. The accounts of the office are a source of perennial worry to him. Then again, he has not only to please and satisfy his masters and colleagues in the Government, but their masters, the House of Commons. What he suffers from having to prepare foolish and, in a great many instances, useless returns, amidst the pressure of real business, is not to be told. But this is not all, for there is the Press, which is, in some sort, the most severe master that he has to satisfy. In fact, the chief governing men in the country are so much oppressed by work and worry, that there is little spare time or thought left for them to become statesmen.

"Hence, in England, there is little or no looking forward to prepare and mould the statesmanship

which will be necessary to meet coming events, not even when the appearance of these events is beginning to make itself visible above the political horizon.

"Take, for instance, the question of our defences. That question, if any part of it is to be considered properly, must be looked upon as a whole. But do you suppose that there is any statesman of the day who is looking so far into the future as that; who is taking into consideration the points, either of attack or defence, which we should have to look to in case of a war, and who is making up his mind as to which of these should be strengthened, and which should be abandoned?"

Mr. Thurston was here interrupted, and the conversation deviated into discussions about Ireland and America, and about church affairs, and about the lowering of the franchise. Of course many and divers opinions were expressed. At last the question came as to whether there was a general improvement in human affairs? as to whether there was or was not sound progress? As to this, Mr. Thurston maintained that there was progress, sound progress, and he quoted some lines from a poet, who is now thought to be their great poet for this generation—

> "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways."

Here Mr. Thurston went into a discussion which, I think, will especially interest you, my dear father, and the like of which, it seems to me, I used to hear from you in my early days. He said something of this kind. "New acquisitions are always followed by losses,—for instance, more freedom, less reverence. We congregate together in great towns, we find much convenience in so doing; but there are terrible disadvantages which follow upon this convenient congregating. I have not had a good night's sleep these last three nights, for my next neighbour has set up a dog, which has howled for hours through the night. I have taken a ludicrous instance—not ludicrous to me, though, I can assure you, in the dead hours of the night—I might have taken many instances of a more serious character, and some of them of a deadly nature. What does it all come to? It comes to this,—that we obtain a great advantage, and then it seems but a small thing, a thing of detail, to work out the means by which we should provide against the counterbalance of disadvantage.

"It has been one of the dreams of my life to picture to myself how I should cut out work for other men. There is so much work wanting to be done; there are so many men wanting to do work. Now I want men to devote themselves to detecting the drawbacks which are sure to occur upon the establish-

ment of any new and great thing, and to see how their force may be diminished."

This idea was much approved of by the company; and Mr. Thurston, who was rather unwilling to do so, was asked to go more into detail.

"Well," he said, "I will take railroads. You cannot but say that railway travelling is an immense boon to the world; but you also must admit that there are great drawbacks and many things to be remedied.

"Put any man of an organizing mind, for three days, at any one of the great stations, and he would be able to write a paper (and no reform can be begun until the evil is thoroughly ascertained) which, if acted upon, would give additional comfort and convenience to tens of thousands of persons. The people who have to manage these things are too much versed in them to perceive the defects and errors which attend them.

"I could give instances, by the dozen, of things which are great public advantages, but, respecting the consequent disadvantages of which, there is no person who is giving continuous, steady and devoted study to diminish or suppress them. Gas, water-supply, town-drainage, might be taken as instances.

"In one word, I think that the most sure element of progress is, when you have a number of persons

always watching to ascertain and provide against the evils necessarily attendant upon any great step in human affairs.

"Now the way in which mankind has comforted itself for these evils, even when it has perceived them, is by the doctrine of compensation. 'O yes,' it says, 'of course there are evils attendant upon this good thing, but they must be endured, they are in the nature of things.' That is very true, but the progress of the world depends upon this—that compensation should not be allowed to be equivalence. It is upon the balance of advantage over disadvantage that progress depends. After mankind has made some great step, whether in moral, material, or religious matters, it becomes idle and self-congratulatory; says, "See what a great thing has been done,' and rests in stupid contemplation of its own greatness.

"Again, the merits of the great thing are soon hedged in by routine, precedent and conformity; and then to make the slightest improvement is almost as great a labour as to introduce the original invention. In a word, we always want improvers (not mere critics, but improvers) as well as inventors, and upon these improvers rests a great part of the sure progress of the world. But we must not let the main element of progress go. What I mean is, we must not,

because a thing, which is a great and good thing for the world, goes through many ugly transformations, allow it, on that account, to slip from our arms. I dare say you do not know, any of you, what I had in my thoughts. It is the beautiful Scottish ballad of 'Young Tamlane.' He has been laid hold of by the fairies, and he asks his earthly lady-love, Janet, to rescue him on Hallowmas Eve, when the fairies and their captives go in procession. I can recollect four or five of the verses:

"'My right hand will be gloved, Janet,
My left hand will be bare;
And these the tokens I gie thee;
Nae doubt I will be there.

"'They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and a snake;
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
Gin ye wad by me maik.

"'They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A red-hot gad o' airn;
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
For I'll do you no harm.

"'And, next, they 'll shape me in your arms
A tod, brit, and an eel;
But haud me fast, nor let me gang,
As you do love me weel.'"

You will easily see how this ballad was made to apply.

I am afraid I have wearied you, my dear father, for reported conversation is such a poor affair when compared with the conversation itself. Besides, I fear I am not a good reporter.

Oh! one thing I must tell you,—Mr. Thurston had a quiet hit at me: he said, "As regards emigration, for instance, how many men, especially young men, have sought to point out its merits, and how obvious these merits are, but who has really worked out the subject, and shown us, in full detail, what are the peculiar difficulties, dangers and drawbacks in a colony, not merely at the first outset, but for the first generation or two?"

I must not write any more, or rather I must not let my dear cousin Alice write any more for me. I am sure that both you and she must be quite wearied by the length of this letter.

Remember me most cordially to the Professor and to the dear Bettina.

I am, as ever,

Your very loving son,

CASIMIR.

One thing that the young Count did not mention to his father in this, or in any other letter,

and which, indeed, he scarcely noticed, was that Maggie contrived to be present at most of these conversations. She was either putting things to rights in the room (and she was a great putter-to-rights), or she was at work at a little table in the corner of the room, doing, or pretending to be doing, her lessons; but, generally, listening most carefully to the conversations. After all the visitors were gone, excepting, perhaps, Count Casimir, she would sit upon a footstool near Mr. Thurston, and would ask all manner of questions relating to what she had heard. The questions were of the oddest and the quaintest kind, chiefly drawn from her experience of life in that squalid part of the town from which she had been taken. Mr. Thurston, much to Casimir's amusement, would take the greatest pains to make Maggie understand the nature of the things that had been discussed; and from finding that words, which he supposed to be very common and to be known to all persons, conveyed no ideas to poor Maggie, was sometimes dreadfully puzzled in explaining things to her. He had often far

more work in making these difficult explanations after the company had left, than he had undergone in contending with the ablest of his compeers who were adverse to him.

It was a striking proof of the adroitness and the winningness of Maggie that she had succeeded in making herself as free of the parlour and the study as of the housekeeper's room and the kitchen. With the old housekeeper herself she had but little difficulty, for the good old woman who had taken Maggie out of her rags and clothed her, began to look upon her as if she were a child of her own; and, indeed, had been heard to say that there was a likeness between herself and Maggie—that is, that Maggie resembled her when she was a young woman. But Maggie contrived also to manage the two other women servants, and began to be looked upon as an oracle in the kitchen when she went down there, and retailed, after her strange fashion, some of the discourse to which she had been listening upstairs. I have said before that she was a singularly handy person, one of those people who learn very quickly

how to do anything when they are shown, and this ensured a certain superiority for her in these lower regions. As for her master, he had pledged himself to Lord Glenant that Maggie should have some education, and he believed that no education was much better than listening to the wise things which he had to tell the world. There was a governess who came for two hours in the day to instruct Maggie, and who, like the rest of them, being fascinated by this coaxing girl, would take her home with her, and unconsciously continue the lesson-giving. Music was the thing in which Maggie made the most rapid progress, and for which she had a natural genius.

It was curious to see the different ways in which she treated Count Casimir and Mr. Thurston. She always looked upon the young Count as one of themselves—I mean, as one of her own class. He had lived amongst them, and been one of them. To be sure, he was now in what might be called a higher sphere; but Maggie could never divest herself of the idea that he was "one of us." She had no hesitation in telling

him of any of her troubles, and would bring difficulties in her lessons to be explained by him first. Whereas, with Mr. Thurston she was distant and timid and respectful; obeyed his slightest word or gesture; knew to a nicety whether he was in a good temper or a bad temper, and whether she might venture to stay in the room or not. She thought that he must be the greatest and the best man in the world—the man who had read so many books, and talked like a book, and yet who would condescend to talk to her.

I am afraid that, if Lord Glenant could have known all this, he would not have journeyed with so light a heart and with so undoubting a hope as those with which he pursued his arduous journey over the uneasy roads of Russia, then not so permeable as now, by railway.

Chapter XXIII.

A JOURNEY THROUGH RUSSIA.

WE must now turn from affairs at home, and follow the journey of those travellers in whom the chief personages of our story, left in England, have so much interest, — namely, Ruth Sumner and Lord Glenant.

But first, a few words about Russia, and Russian travel generally.

Russia is at present one of the most interesting countries in the world. Where else, without a revolution, or without civil war, has so great a social and political change been made in our time, or in any other time that we know of, as that which has been made by the present Emperor, in the liberation of the serfs. The whole

social status of Russia has been changed in so quiet and discreet a manner, that the rest of Europe has hardly had its attention fully directed to that change, and has not yet adequately comprehended the vast alteration in social and political life, which has embraced more than half of the continent of Europe.[1]

In a tale, such as we are narrating, great political considerations can only be alluded to. We may, however, very naturally and properly, dwell upon the aspects which this great country presents to those who have, as Ruth and Lord Glenant, to travel through it. These aspects are very monotonous, but at the same time, very grand.

It is one of the blessings attendant upon the contemplation of natural scenery, that what is poor and unimpressive when seen in small quantities, and over small spaces, becomes dignified and impressive when beheld in large and continuous extent.

---

[1] Europe, 3,700,000 square miles; Russia, 2,000,000.

A small bit of perfectly level land is not to most persons a very picturesque object; but when level land is of immense extent, it assumes a grandeur, not its own, and yet its own. The plains of Leipsic are grand, but much grander still are the plains of Russia.

And then the vast, almost interminable, forests of Russia! Day after day, as you travel through them, you find that they impress you more and more; and that they create in your mind trains of melancholy thought and feeling, which are peculiar to themselves.

People talk of the sea: we fear it much, and speak of it respectfully; but it is a dull thing, and, in storm as well as in calm, its interest for us, when we voyage upon it, is soon exhausted. A wood is inexhaustible. Bounded, and yet apparently boundless, it has in it a life of many cities, with the repose of interminable country.

This, however, is only if you alight and make your sojourn in it for a time. To pass through huge forests day after day, with no change of scenery, with nothing to break the monotony of

silent trees, so like one another when you do not stay to look upon them closely, is one of the most depressing and yet calming things that can be imagined.

It is especially so in Russia. There all is pallid. An iron-grey sky, not borne aloft, but condescending humbly to the earth, encloses a grey, misty, undefined atmosphere, and grey birch trees, or dark sombre pines. The hand of man has been there, for long straight glades not made by informal nature, but fully betraying the hand of man, encounter your eye in all directions, as they narrow to a point, and are gradually lost in the misty horizon, which seems to be possessed equally by land and by sky.

Rare indeed is it to meet a human being. The *Yemstchik* who drives you is the only person you are likely to have much converse with; and if you understand his language, it is some amusement to listen to the words of encouragement, adjuration, or objurgation which he bestows upon the horses, whom he loves far too much to do anything but talk to them. The whip, at least for

the lower animals, has a sinecure in Russia. "Think, my little father, what will be said of you" (an argument, by the way, so often addressed to man) "if you do not get us out of this hole;" or "My little mother, think what nice fresh grass and golden oats there will be for you if you will only do your best for us in this ugly morass." After a time the Yemstchik becomes weary of talking to the animals, or has exhausted his powers of persuasion, and then he indulges in some low-spoken, sweet, melancholy song, always in a dreadful minor key, the song of a people who live a hard life, and see but little of the sun.

Such was the kind of journey which our travellers had to encounter for many weary days, and sometimes for weary nights, for they did not spare themselves fatigue.

At night it was more beautiful; for night levels all things, and the most rough and ragged scenery is nearly as beautiful by moonlight as if it were the most accomplished work of nature, and of nature's God. Besides, at night a man of any imagination makes out his own scenery for

himself, and is independent of the materials which he submits to the transforming power of his mind.

The traveller cannot but love the Russians, at least the common people. Much remains to be made of them. There is a certain sweetness and trustingness of disposition which are peculiar to that people. They combine some of the highest qualities of the Eastern and the Western nations, and, as has been noticed of them by a most observant traveller, are eminently fitted for colonization, because they do not care so much what place they go to, so that they are surrounded by their friends and relations. Wherever his "dear little" friends and his "dear little" brothers, and sisters are (the Russians dote upon diminutives) there is a home for the Russian, with which he is perfectly satisfied. A colony of them would even be happy in the purlieus of Leicester Square. Their fondness for animals is so great that they will submit to be beaten rather than to beat those animals; and a Russian *Yemstchik* will, uncomplainingly, take the part of the whipping

boy for the "little fathers and mothers" of his much-loved team.

Such were the experiences of Ruth and Lord Glenant of Russian travel. They found no great difficulty in their journey through Russia. It was evident that the Russian Government viewed them as ordinary travellers. They passed the frontier without any difficulty, and reached the frontier town on the other side, where they found the old Count, the Professor, and Bettina, whom the Doctor had succeeded in detaining until the arrival of the travellers.

Chapter XXIV.

RUTH'S PLAN OF ESCAPE.

OUR narrative now takes us, for the moment, from this frontier town where the old Count and his companions had, for so long a time, been concealed. The scene changes to a better sort of *Izba*—that is, a log-house—in a remote village, but a village of some importance, and a posting station in Russia.

It is always a satisfaction, when, in this strange world, where the positions of men seem to be arranged in a most hap-hazard fashion, the right man happens to be in the right place. Upon such men the destinies, not merely of Earl's families, but of kingdoms, may depend.

The politics of Europe would, humanly speaking, have taken a very different course, and the position and fortunes of each one of us might have been very different from what they are now, if that detestably acute, energetic, and very suspicious individual, Drouet, had not been the postmaster at St. Menehould, when Louis the Sixteenth, Marie Antoinette, and their ill-fated family were taking that most ill-arranged flight, hindered by so many accidents and by so many follies, from Paris to the Marquis de Bouilli's head-quarters at Metz.

Across the woven tapestry of each man's life and fortunes there come threads from no friendly, no well-known, and no pre-imagined shuttle; and it is such threads which often determine the pattern, and direct the story, embodied in the tapestry.

In this Russian village, which for many reasons I will not name, there dwelt a man, rejoicing in the humble name of Boris Bauer. The name will show that he was partly of Russian, and partly of German origin. This man was in the employ of

Government: in what capacity I do not exactly know; but I do know that, in whatever capacity he served, he joined to his official functions those of a spy. Those, too, of a trusted spy: for he had already distinguished himself in that capacity, though only locally. His reports were not in general addressed to the authorities at St. Petersburg, but to the Governor of his province, whose seat of government was in a town about eight and twenty *versts* distant from the large village which Boris Bauer honoured by his surveillance. A man of his intelligence (he was a born spy, and must in his earliest years have been hateful to his schoolfellows) would never have been placed in that obscure village, and certainly would not have been retained there, if it had not been the first important village and posting station on the high road from Moscow, to be met with between the frontier guardhouse of Russia and Count Maremma's country.

Boris Bauer pined for an opportunity to distinguish himself still further than he had done, and thus to obtain the high distinction he had so

long coveted of being transferred to the capital, and connected with the secret police of St. Petersburg. He had read of Fouché; and his ambition burned within him, not to become a Napoleon—he thought little of Napoleons, and their rough ways of rising into eminence;—but to become the first minister of police of any despotic sovereign. It is sad to think of so much genius and so much ambition being buried in an obscure frontier village of Russia.

It is almost needless to say how such a man regarded passports. He looked at them with the ardent eye of a discoverer looking at his charts, which, if interpreted by the eye of genius, might lead to the lands of Ophir, and the territory of Prester John.

We must now leave Boris Bauer, and revert to the proceedings of Lord Glenant and Ruth Sumner on their journey. It was well, as I intimated before, that they were members of a family who were too great to pay the usual respect to the proprieties. Otherwise their journeying together would never have been permitted.

But, parodying the words of Shakespeare, we may say that "nice customs curtsey to great Earls;" and, to tell the truth, neither Lord Lochawe nor Lady Alice looked upon Glenant and Ruth as other than a sort of brother and sister. Far otherwise was it with poor Casimir, who had been almost minded at one time to point out to the Earl the apparent impropriety of the proceeding; but the thought of his father's danger kept him silent.

Ruth was more at her ease with Lord Glenant than he was with her; and notwithstanding his sincere and ardent love for Maggie, which had become a passion with him, he felt somewhat discomposed and troubled when Ruth, during some long night journey, overcome by fatigue, léant her head upon his shoulder as she slept. I am afraid that on one of these occasions, he would have forgotten Maggie for the moment, and would have bestowed a quiet kiss upon the unconscious Ruth, if Ruth's companion, a stern, hard-featured, middle-aged woman, one of the dissenting minister's—Ruth's father's—congre-

gation in former days, had not been sitting on the opposite side of the berline in which they were travelling, and he had not been uncertain whether "Muggletonia," as he always called her, was asleep.

A long journey, amidst monotonous scenery, affords an admirable opportunity for thinking out, in all its details, any difficult matter. After Ruth and Lord Glenant had joined the Count and his companions, many and anxious were the family councils held to determine what should be their next course of action. After various plans had been proposed, Ruth thought it would be the right time to propose hers. It was this. She suggested that they should divide themselves into two parties: that Lord Glenant, and her maid, and a courier, whom they should hire there, and who would be conversant with the country, should make their way by the Caspian Sea, and afterwards to Constantinople: that the Count, the Professor, Bettina, and herself, together with their own courier, whom they knew they could thoroughly trust, should make their

way back through Russia to the frontiers of Prussia. They would return, she proposed, by a different way from that by which they had come.

They all stared at her with amazement, and asked her smilingly, whether she had thought about passports? "Yes, she had," she said. "She would have them to know that she was the great singer, Miss Danvers, who was expected in Russia." Now was her turn to smile. There was the passport for herself, and for her father, she said, bowing to the Count, and for her master (bowing to the Professor, who, by the way, did not know a note of music), and for her faithful servant, who had brought her up from a child, "Bettina."

Parenthetically, we must observe, that it was notably a very good action on the part of Miss Danvers, to have lent herself to this scheme, and so to have sacrificed any hopes of ever having an engagement in Russia, so liberal as that country is to great artists.

"There must be no delay," said Ruth, who seemed already to have taken upon herself the

command of the expedition, and to have assumed the justly imperious airs of a prima donna. "I shall start the day after to-morrow, and I shall expect my suite—a prima donna's father naturally belongs to her suite—to be ready to accompany me."

Then to anticipate objections, and especially that objection which was the most obvious one, she said: "I know very well how absurd it is, that a prima donna from England should be coming this way; but we must take the chance of their not noticing that absurdity, and we are not to expect that the Russian officials at this obscure frontier, will be as well versed in geography as a national school-boy in England. You will ask why I propose that Lord Glenant and his party should go by Constantinople, and why our party should go through Russia? The reason is, that there will be more inquiry, and more careful supervision of passports in getting out of this country, which is really Russian, than there will be in getting into Russia, which would seem, as it were, to be rushing into the lion's mouth.

After much discussion this was agreed to, and preparations were accordingly made.

One of Ruth's motives for adopting this plan, was that it would be less hazardous for Lord Glenant. She had felt all along that the old Earl had never been fully aware of the danger to which his son was subjected in this enterprise. Loving Casimir as she did, she felt as if she were one with him; and she could not bear to run the risk of sacrificing the happiness of a family which was so dear to both of them, and which had acted so nobly by them both.

Chapter XXV.

A RUSSIAN POST-HOUSE.

IN the family council Ruth had carried her point with little opposition. She had still, however, a hard battle to fight with Lord Glenant when they were alone together. He protested against her plan. He said that if it failed, he should be greatly blamed by his father for having deserted them: it was not part of their original plan that they should separate in this way. Ruth, however, succeeded in convincing him that it was the best plan. How otherwise could they dispose of him? It was probable, she said, that a great singer would be accompanied by her father, by her maestro, and by her maid. But there would be no way

of accounting well for Lord Glenant's presence. His passport bore his own name. Then, again, he might be recognized. True it was, they were going to return through Russia by a route different from that by which they had come to this place. But spies and police were everywhere.

Lord Glenant at last yielded, and it was decided that the journey should be undertaken in the way that Ruth had suggested.

It did not, however, commence at the early hour that Ruth had proposed. The old Count had been much astonished, and somewhat hurt, at his son's not having come to him. They had, at first, accounted for Casimir's absence by pleading, as an excuse, a slight illness on his part; but in a conversation, on the day previous to their departure, they had, in consequence of the old Count's querulous remarks about his son's absence, betrayed more of the real state of the case than they had intended to do. They had disclosed the fact that it was an accident, and not a slight illness, which was the cause of the young Count's absence. The father had naturally

taken this much to heart, and believed that the worst had been concealed from him. He was so unwell when the hour arrived at which it had been proposed to start, that their departure was obliged to be delayed for some hours, which was most unfortunate.

They did, however, begin their journey on that day, but only reached that large village, where Boris Bauer was stationed, as evening was coming on. There they were obliged to stay, not so much because it was evening, as because one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, who had arrived just before them, had taken five of the horses from the post station, and there were not enough horses left to take on the heavy berline. This did not trouble them much, for they were prepared for being obliged to rest at such places in the course of their journey. Russian travel is somewhat oriental in its character; and a Russian inn, at such a place as this village, was somewhat like a *caravanserai*. One or two rooms were given up to the travellers, but little else beyond the shelter of a roof was provided for

them. The landlord of the inn did not take much interest in their proceedings, or aid much in procuring any especial comforts for them. He gave them their two rooms and a *samovar*,[1] and then left them to their own devices.

His indifference, however, was more than compensated for by the attention which they received from a little man, who did not seem to belong to the inn, but to be a villager who found it worth his while, doubtless in expectation of some small gratuity, to place his services at the disposal of travellers similarly situated.

This good little man was in and out of their rooms during the whole evening, arranging this, and providing that, and doing his utmost to make them comfortable. He was very talkative too, seemed to know all about the road they were to travel the next morning, and even hinted what an invaluable person he would be for them to take on with them. Their own courier seemed to have an unaccountable dislike to this man;

[1] A tea-urn.

and they observed to one another that Basili (that was the name of the courier) was rather jealous, and evidently thought that this fussy little man was usurping his functions.

If they could have followed the little man sometimes when he left the room, they would have thought that he was a literary character, for he was always making notes in a stealthy manner. How he would talk about England too, when he was in the room, and how he did amuse them with his very questionable French!

On the ensuing morning, when they were about to recommence their journey, their little friend was nowhere to be seen. They were quite vexed at not being able to reward his kind attention with the gratuity which they had intended to give. This incident discomfited Ruth, and throughout the day caused her much anxious thought; but she did not impart her thoughts to her companions.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon the travellers reached the town of ——, a town which has before been alluded to as being one of

considerable importance, being the *chef-lieu* of a Russian province.

Their good little friend, doubtless anxious to minister again to their comfort, had preceded them thither, having started early in the morning in a light *troika*. It seemed as if he were anxious to gain for his new friends a welcome reception from the highest authorities in the town.

There is no use attempting to deceive one's readers. They will easily have discerned that this attentive little man was no other than the Boris Bauer with whom they have been made acquainted before.

There had been something in the look of this party which had struck him from the first, and had secured them his kind and assiduous attention. No man, not even the most self-possessed, can make his appearance in any place where he is the observed of all observers, and at the same time maintain a disengaged air and manner; in fact, be entirely like his natural self. Still more difficult is it to maintain a natural demeanour when one has not only a consciousness of being

observed, but a fear of being observed; and this latter was the case with our travellers. Besides, there was something particularly provocative of notice in the air and manner of the stout little professor. He was conscious of the dignity of being a marked man, on account of the denunciation of his political principles. He was also very fearful of being laid hold of and sent to Siberia as a reward for holding those principles. From the first moment that Boris Bauer had set eyes upon this queer figure, he had been greatly attracted by him. Moreover, Boris Bauer's usual suspiciousness had been sharpened by a few words which the Emperor's aide-de-camp, while changing horses, had said to him; and which few words contained the intelligence of a new plot suspected to be in existence, directed against the life of the Emperor.

The governor of this town was a general—a haughty, pompous, self-sufficient man, very anxious, like most of his class, to have any opportunity of ingratiating himself with the Czar by showing especial devotion to the person of

the Emperor. The ante-chamber of the general was filled by persons anxious to obtain an interview with the great man. But Boris Bauer, directly his name was mentioned to the General, was admitted into His Excellency's presence.

Boris Bauer, in few words, made known the object of his coming, and presented a memorandum of the observations he had made on the party of travellers to whom he had been so attentive on the preceding evening.

According to the passport they were English; but not only to him, but when they were alone together, they talked French (the Count could talk English very well, but French had been adopted, because the Professor did not understand English).

The daughter never spoke to her father, or supposed father, as her father; but had once in his, Boris Bauer's presence, addressed him as Count. This was very suspicious.

The Maestro seemed always to be in a state of anxiety and of self-importance. If these

were the conspirators, this was the man who was to do the dreadful deed.

The female servant was not like a servant, or at least was not such a servant as a young artiste would be likely to have about her. Boris Bauer thought that this pretended servant was a man in disguise. Poor Bettina's hard features and somewhat sour air, made this a not unlikely supposition.

Lastly, the courier was an impracticable person. There was nothing to be got out of him. Moreover, he was evidently most impatient to get on with his journey, which was not the general way with couriers, who were mostly anxious to prolong the journey and to increase the length of their services. Boris Bauer had never seen him before.

All these things were laid before His Excellency in all humility by the aforesaid Boris Bauer; and it was for His Excellency to determine what action His Excellency would take upon the whole matter thus brought before him.

His Excellency was not particularly thankful

to Boris Bauer for having made this important communication. The General suspected that this report of the spy had already been transmitted to the head-office in St. Petersburg, and that if he did not take some action upon it, his favour at Court might be put in jeopardy. Besides, he more than half suspected that it was what we should call "a mare's nest." At any rate, however, he thought it would be advisable to detain this party of travellers when they should make their appearance in the town of ———. There would be some informality in their passports: there is always a possible informality in passposts. He gave orders that the party should be detained and brought before him; and so, to Ruth's dismay, they were detained, and politely requested to favour the Governor of ——— with an interview.

Chapter XXVI.

THE TRAVELLERS ARE DETAINED.

NOTHING could be more courteous than the reception by the Governor of the travellers. He was "sorry," indeed he was "desolated," to be obliged to detain them (especially as they had made so long a detour) on account of a slight irregularity in one of their passports; which irregularity especially concerned "that gentleman." Here the Governor suddenly turned upon the unfortunate Professor, who was little able to withstand the searching looks which were directed upon him both by the Governor and the Governor's private secretary, who sat at a little table in the corner of the room. "Doubtless

that gentleman," the Governor said, "would easily explain the discrepancy when he came to talk to him alone." He, the Governor, would not trouble the young lady and her father to wait any longer. Mr. Wilson would rejoin them at the hotel. By the emphasis which the Governor laid upon the words Mr. Wilson, Ruth conjectured at once that the pretext for detaining them was a discrepancy between the name of Wilson and that of Signor Ferrari, who had been mentioned in the Paris papers as having been the Maestro under whose tuition Miss Danvers arrived at her musical pre-eminence. Ruth saw that if they were to be saved, she must interfere at once, and not allow the good Professor to undergo the cross-questioning of the Governor and his cunning-looking private secretary. She said, with a meaning smile directed at the Governor, that Mr. Wilson, her good teacher, who had condescended to finish that musical education which had been begun under Signor Ferrari, was not responsible for any error or misdescription that there might be in the pass-

port in respect to his name, for that she had taken out the passport both for her father and for him, being, as she slily remarked to the Governor, from her professional career, more accustomed to business than either of them.

The Governor, whose politeness during the interview never varied, felt himself obliged to discuss the difficulty with Ruth. It was, as she expected, this change of name for her Maestro which furnished the pretext for detention. She offered her explanations to the Governor, which were apparently well received. No doubt, he said, her explanation was satisfactory; but duty compelled him to make further inquiries; and, as he said, he was not entirely his own master in this case, as the matter, he believed, had already been placed in the hands of the high police at St. Petersburg. Everything that could be done, should be done, to remedy this little error, and to enable them to prosecute their journey without further interruption. Meanwhile, perhaps, Mademoiselle Danvers would have the kindness to favour the town, over which

he had the honour to preside, with an exhibition of her musical skill, which, he was pleased to say, enjoyed a European reputation.

Ruth saw at once that difficulties were thickening around her, and that if they were to be surmounted, she must now take a bold step. She was not altogether so much disconcerted by this contre-temps as might have been expected. She had often rehearsed in imagination the various parts which she might have to play in this difficult enterprise; and this was one of them.

Nothing would afford her greater pleasure, she said, than to give a public representation, especially on a day which was so dear to all good Russians (the Governor had mentioned that the succeeding day was the Emperor's fête day); but, as Ruth added, her contract with the St. Petersburg manager was very strict, and would not, she thought, allow her to appear publicly on any stage except the great theatre of St. Petersburg.

The Governor thought that if he could see this contract, it was probable that he might find

a way of satisfying the St. Petersburg manager, and yet allowing the public of his distinguished town to have an opportunity of hearing the accents of so great a singer.

Ruth thought not; and, at any rate, she said, she could not have the advantage of his Excellency's inspection of the contract, as it had been deposited with her lawyers in London. At this moment she noticed the meaning looks which passed between the Governor and his sly-looking private secretary. But if, she added (for she now saw that the worst must be encountered), any other means could be devised by which she could gratify his Excellency and the principal persons of ——, by giving them a specimen of her poor musical powers, which her friends of the press in Paris and in London had greatly overrated, nothing would give her greater pleasure.

The Governor, a vain man, saw at once an opportunity of giving a great musical party, of making himself very popular in the town, and of adding an unusual honour to the celebration of the Emperor's fête day.

Ruth cast a glance at the private secretary. She had all along been more afraid of him than of his pompous master. She saw at once that the blow had struck home, and that the private secretary had ceased to take the acute interest in the matter that he had hitherto done.

Ruth followed up the blow with this telling remark. She said that she thought that it might not be a breach of the bargain, between the St. Petersburg manager and herself, if she were to sing at a private party some of the songs in her part in the opera of ——, with the proper costume for her character in that opera.

The Governor murmured something about the honour that it would be for him if his salon were favoured by this exhibition of the great singer's talents. He was beginning to be completely deceived; and, if Boris Bauer had been in the room, the Governor would probably have informed that astute functionary, that he was a busy, meddling fool. The Governor's only thought now was whether he should not have to pay too much for this favour.

Ruth saw his hesitation, and divined the cause. She began delicately to hint about remuneration: not that, as she said, this was a matter of any moment to her, but she was afraid that she should have to account for it to her manager. "Your Excellency knows," said Ruth, with one of her most gracious smiles, "that we poor artistes are more completely bound to our master for the time being, than even official persons are to theirs. My father," she added, "will talk to your Excellency upon this part of the business. I assure you, it is with extreme regret, and only from a sense of duty to my master at St. Petersburg, that I venture to name the subject."

His Excellency, not over pleased at the turn which affairs had taken, withdrew into a corner with the Count, and shortly afterwards returned into the circle looking very radiant; for the Count, unversed in such matters, and not having had time or opportunity to say a word to Ruth, had named the comparatively insignificant sum of 1500 roubles.

All was now settled. The Professor had strutted about the room with his usual look of dignity and self-importance; and the secretary had set to work at other business, secretly thinking what an ass his master was, to expend a sum equal to a quarter of his, the private secretary's, hard-earned salary, for the services during one evening of this English prima donna. The secretary had been once at Berlin, and had not there imbibed any exalted notion of the musical powers of the British nation.

Before leaving the room, and commending the party to the good offices of a *heyduc* who was to accompany them to the hotel, the Governor shot, unconsciously, a Parthian shaft, which was to deprive poor Ruth of many hours of her rest that night. He said, "Our English governess, you know how we Russians affect your language (I cannot speak it, but all my children can), has had the advantage of hearing you in London, and she has prepared us for the great treat which we shall have to-morrow."

In what part of the world, or in what part

above or under the earth, poor Ruth wished that this governess might have been placed, rather than in the house of the Governor of ——, is not to be told. Suffice it to say, that the thought of having to encounter this governess took away all sense of triumph from what might otherwise have been accounted a most successful interview.

Chapter XXVII.

RUTH AS A PRIMA DONNA.

IT was with a heavy heart that, on the ensuing morning, Ruth made her preparations to appear in the proper costume, to sing the chief songs in the part which Miss Danvers would have had to sing in the opera in which she was recognized to be the most effective prima donna.

Lord Lochawe, though perfectly aware of Ruth's great gift for music, had never made a show of it. A relative, a near relative of the Lochawes, was not to be exhibited as if she were an ordinary person. Ruth, therefore, had never had an opportunity of singing, what might be called in public, but she did not doubt her

powers in this respect. The human mind is only capable of taking in, and being subjugated by, a certain amount of emotion. It was not a fear lest she should break down, or lest she should not sing well enough to represent Miss Danvers, that in the least daunted or discouraged Ruth; it was the terror of what the governess might disclose.

Ruth, who was a woman of business, and had not been a private secretary to Lord Lochawe for many years without learning something of the world, had carefully provided herself with all the necessary apparatus for maintaining her part. She had gone to that shop near Covent Garden where theatrical costumes and theatrical jewels are to be bought; and she had provided herself with a diadem, and with a girdle, which they said had been worn by an actress so dear to many persons of the generation that is passing away, Madame Grisi.

Ruth had not failed to notice every peculiarity in her friend Miss Danvers. She dressed her hair as Miss Danvers was wont to dress it; she

tried to think of every turn of her features, and to look like her; but all the while she was aware that this disguise would be a failure in the eyes of any one who had seen Miss Danvers.

Ruth felt that there were only two courses open to her: she must either dupe this governess, or must win her over to silence. So serious, so awful, did she feel this difficulty to be, that, for the first time, she took the others into council.

Ruth's sole fortune consisted in the dowry of her mother, which had been settled upon her. It produced £220 a year. The Professor's savings, which he had transmitted to Germany, amounted to a sum which produced about £110 a year. The old Count Maremma was not utterly ruined, for he had much plate, and several jewels, amongst which were a large emerald and two large diamonds. "I would not," he said, "my dearest dear," for he had become very fond of Ruth, "die in this country and be buried by my enemies. You must not sacrifice your money, and my dear Professor must not sacrifice his; you must not make any promises of that kind;

but if anything can be done by these jewels, and women are fond of jewels, they are yours to deal with."

The day passed away in anxious deliberation. Ruth took care, using the privilege of a prima donna, to be late. She feared to meet the governess in the family circle of his Excellency the Governor.

The room was crowded when she made her appearance. She was well rewarded for the care she had taken in her costume, for one of the first thoughts that passed through the Governor's mind, might have been expressed in these words, "What a wonderful effect these actresses produce with their grand costume and false jewellery! I should not have recognized her."

Then came Ruth's introduction to the general circle; and afterwards the governess was introduced to Ruth. Ruth overwhelmed her with questions, "Where did she come from?" "With whom had she lived?" &c. &c.; and then, on the pretext of their having some common friends, took her hand affectionately, and drew her a little apart from the circle.

Ruth had never looked so anxiously into the eyes of any human being as she now looked into the eyes of this governess, whose name was Miss Ansley. She was a hard-featured, stern, middle-aged woman; but her countenance was one in which there were gleams of possible good-nature which might be evolved when she was not with her pupils at lessons.

Ruth had heard that you might look like a person if you thought earnestly of that person, and tried to imagine that you were that person. She conjured up an expression which she thought Miss Danvers, of whom she felt that she was an unworthy representative, would have had, upon a similar occasion; but it would not do. The governess said, in her hard, dry way, "I should never have recognized you, Miss Danvers. When his Excellency described you to me, it was not like the lady whom I had heard more than once at an oratorio in Exeter Hall. I am not sure that I should have known you. You seem to me as if you had grown a great deal shorter." Ruth unfortunately was not so tall as Miss Danvers.

She made up her mind that the peril was imminent. Such a partial recognition, or rather such a partial non-recognition, would be fatal. The dissenting minister's daughter was a great actress, a born actress: perhaps we may say that all women have a capacity of acting which is unknown to men. Taking Miss Ansley by the hand, she rejoined the circle, and addressed the Governor:

"Miss Ansley says, your Excellency, that she is not satisfied with the way in which I have arranged my head-dress for the part. She saw me, I find, in Paris, as well as in London, and will have it that I must dress after the Parisian fashion."

Miss Ansley listened to these statements in a state of utter bewilderment, and suffered herself to be led from the salon and to be conducted by Ruth to her own room. No sooner were they alone together in that room than Ruth knelt before her. "I am not Miss Danvers," she said. "Don't interrupt me; we have only five minutes' time for talk. The lives of three innocent persons

are at stake. I am conducting them through Russia. You must declare that I am Miss Danvers. Don't talk to me about lies; but think of these three innocent people who will be victims, if you give the slightest occasion for doubting, that I am the person I pretend to be. You know what Russia is. You know what it is to be suspected of a political crime. You saw that venerable man who is supposed to be my father. You would not have his blood upon your soul; and you will have it, if you do not say that I am Miss Danvers. We will provide for you. Here is money—here are jewels—follow us to England. You will receive a letter, 'Your mother is ill.' You have a mother; and, when once in England, come to us, come to Lochawe House. I am Lord Lochawe's cousin. These are friends of his. We are ruined, if you say a word against us. We are at your mercy."

Miss Ansley was a good soul; but one who had seen a great deal of the rough and the hard part of the world. She hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment. She began to cry, as

is the nature of women in such difficulties. She said that it was not the money (she did not care for that), but she should be condemned to Siberia if this were ever known.

Ruth kissed her, and showed her that her flight might follow so quickly upon theirs that there would be no danger of discovery. Finally, the good woman, protesting that she would not avail herself of Ruth's magnificent offers, but would do the deed, if done it must be, as a good deed, and for the love of her countrymen, consented to say all that Ruth impressed upon her. A change was then rapidly made in some part of Ruth's head-dress, and they descended into the salon together.

Ruth's state of exultation at the success she had achieved in winning over the governess, was such that she would not have feared to sing for the first time at the opera in London or in Paris—perhaps the greatest trial of nerve that any human being is subjected to. She sang magnificently; and there remained no doubt upon the Governor's mind that she was the person she asserted herself to be.

Boris Bauer stood upon the staircase with the servants; and, as he listened to the swelling notes of the great prima donna, cursed his interfering folly, and wondered what his wife would say to him, if he had, himself, to pay the expense of his journey from his village to the central town of that province.

The next morning the travellers resumed their journey, furthered, for the moment, by all that aid and recognition which official favour in Russia can give.

Miss Ansley was suddenly obliged to leave for England in about a week's time after his Excellency's great party, and when she had received her next letter from her relatives in England.

It will, no doubt, strike every thoughtful reader that the difficulties which Ruth and her party had to encounter, in their journey through Russia, would only begin at the town where this pompous governor resided. They were not even free from the surveillance of Boris Bauer, who from his first failure might have been expected

to have been suppressed. But, unfortunately, at the moment of their starting from this town, Boris Bauer, who was in attendance (he never threw away a chance), overheard the little Professor saying, "How splendidly they had escaped!" It may be imagined how much meaning Boris Bauer saw in that word "escaped." Fearless even of his wife, he followed them; and, from his astute and persevering watchfulness, they were subjected to far greater danger than they had undergone in their first entrance into Russia. There are obvious reasons which compel me to be very reticent as regards giving any precise account of those difficulties, and how they were surmounted. Moreover, I am not writing a tale of adventure; but am describing the beginnings of a great enterprise, which would depend for its success upon the characters of the persons engaged in it. It may be well to illustrate the characters of those persons by important incidents in their lives, but there is no occasion to enter into much detail, however interesting.

One thing I may mention, and that is, that

Ruth was sadly alone, intellectually speaking, in this terrible journey. The Count, the Professor, and Bettina were of no use to her in planning anything, or in executing any plan. Fortunately, the courier was a most devoted and a most adroit person. He had mastered Boris Bauer's designs from the first; and he and Ruth ultimately succeeded in bringing their party into Prussia; not, however, before they had undergone another detention of a kind that had nearly proved fatal.

When once in Prussia, our travellers proceeded to England by easy stages (for the Count was very unwell), and without further interruption of their journey.

Chapter XXVIII.

WHAT HAD HAPPENED AT HOME.

MOST naturally do people fear to revisit home after any considerable absence, especially when they have had little or no news from their friends during that absence. It is rarely, indeed, that you find the home circle the same as when you left it. If circumstances have but little changed, the people themselves have changed; or if not, there are few persons of that constant mind and equable nature that you can take them up, as it were, exactly at the point at which you left them.

In our story the circumstances had greatly changed. Charles Ashurst had become the acknowledged lover of Lady Alice. This fact was

not likely to surprise any of the travellers, and would not be displeasing to any of them. It is true that Ruth had imagined a larger career and a wider sphere of action for her cousin Alice than she was likely to have when married to Ashurst; but Ruth knew the young man's worth, and was too much in love herself to be in the least degree censorious about the loves of other people. The engagement, therefore, of Lady Alice and Charles Ashurst was not a thing which would surprise or grieve any one of the returning party. But there was much which had taken place in Mr. Thurston's quiet household which would be a cause of great grief and suffering to one of the party of our travellers—one who has throughout this story played not the most selfish or ignoble part.

There is hardly anything in which families differ more than in their love affairs. There are families, from the highest to the lowest, who, when you come to know long reaches of their family history, are uniformly successful in these matters: —

"Tu, felix, Austria, nube."

And there are other families, such as the Tudors and the Stuarts, who are as uniformly unsuccessful. The Lochawes belonged to the latter class; and for the three preceding generations the marriages, though well intended and not ill arranged as regards worldly affairs, had not been felicitous as regards the happiness of the individuals principally concerned. It seemed as if Lord Glenant was fated to partake the misfortune that had, for so long a time, beset his family in this respect. Most people would say that his falling in love with Maggie was a great misfortune; but I do not think that it should be so regarded, if only that love had met with a return. It may have surprised the reader that, after loving such a person as his cousin Ruth, Glenant should have become so suddenly enamoured of Maggie; but, as it has frequently been remarked before, the heart has often been caught in the rebound. In both instances Lord Glenant, who was somewhat of an eccentric person, was attracted by a character which was very different from that of most other

women. And in both instances he was foiled by the women he loved meeting with characters much more extraordinary, at least at first appearance, than his own.

Had Glenant possessed a more profound knowledge of that world which he supposed himself to know so well, he would never have been contented to leave Maggie under the roof of, and in daily conversation with, such a man as Mr. Thurston.

The poet Coleridge said that "the love of the man was for the woman, but the love of the woman was for the love of the man." This is surely a profound saying, and indicates an extraordinary insight into the different nature of love in men and women. Yet it does not appear that Coleridge had any great experience in matters of love; but a little experience goes so long a way with a great man. With him it is, as it were, a little seed put into his mind, which assimilates to itself something of all which comes near to it; whereas, with ordinary men, their experience is only so much property, which is liable rather to be diminished than increased by

the length of time during which it has been kept.

Women certainly are superior to men in the ideal which they form of love, in their constancy, and in their disregard of physical advantages. The fact can be no longer concealed that Maggie was rapidly falling in love with her master and tutor, Mr. Thurston; and this love was of the highest kind, being the tenderest admiration for the greatness of the man and for the immense discursiveness of his mind. To live in the same house with a careless, slovenly scholar is not generally the way to become enamoured of him; but Maggie's love was of that deep kind, especially of that feminine kind, which looks but little to external surroundings. And, indeed, both with men and women, there is more fascination exercised by the powers of speech than by almost anything else. It was not without some reason that Wilkes, an ugly little man, said that he was only half an hour behind the handsomest man in England in his chance of gaining the affections of any woman.

A curious change began to come over Maggie's character and way of proceeding. She had hitherto been a somewhat bold (bold from supreme innocence), free-spoken, and, if we may say so, almost intrusive person in her determination to see everything, and hear everything, which she cared to see and hear. Now she became altogether the reverse; she was shy, timid, retiring, and ready to blush on the slightest provocation. It is almost needless to add, that she became very studious—the sole aim of her life being to win occasionally a few words of praise, not often given, from her master.

He was very chary in praising; because, misunderstanding Maggie a little from the first, he had supposed her to be rather a vain girl, whose vanity would require much discouragement. Still, she learnt so fast, and showed such assiduity, that he was obliged in justice to praise her, though he did so somewhat reluctantly. As for conjecturing the motives that were in her mind, and which led her to make this exertion, he was the last person to form a right conjecture upon

this point. He looked upon her as a very clever and extraordinary child. He much doubted whether they were not doing a wrong thing in bringing her up in this way; but he could not blame the young men, Casimir and Glenant, for the part they had taken in the matter; and he felt that somehow or other Maggie had been thrown upon their hands, and they must now do the best they could for her. Besides, he had absolutely promised Lord Glenant that Maggie should have some education while she was in his house; and it was Lord Glenant himself who, taking infinite pains about the matter, had chosen the daily governess for Maggie. Mr. Thurston's idea had been, that Maggie might thus be sufficiently well educated to be made a nursery governess; but she had already shown abilities, especially in music and in mathematics, which began to embarrass him, and to puzzle him much as to what could be done for Maggie in the future. He felt that he had himself to blame, if blame there was, for Maggie having been taught mathematics. The truth is, that Mr. Thurston,

though he was in general a very fair and just man, had somewhat of a prejudice against women. He loved, above everything, orderly and wise talk. The want of logic in women, the way in which, from one or two facts, they will at once, and without any hesitation, infer a principle or a law; their honest and manifest indulgence of prejudices; and, in general, their swiftness of conclusion, were all of them things which rather horrified the philosophic mind of Thurston. He had uniformly maintained, that the remedy for this (he will, however, find it harder to remedy than he supposes) was in the study of some thing in which they should be obliged to go step by step, and could not jump at premature conclusions. Therefore, when he and Glenant had been talking over together the matter of Maggie's education, Mr. Thurston had proposed that she should learn a little Euclid. The daily governess, who had been at Queen's College, would be sure to be able to teach her, and he himself would sometimes, if he could find time, examine her in what she had learnt in that sub-

ject. If he had been asked, he would have said that it would be a long time before Maggie would master the *pons asinorum*.

But Maggie, to his great astonishment, made very little work of that bridge, which perhaps has caused more sighs than the famous bridge in Venice. And, indeed, she went on with marvellous rapidity through the first five books, and was already making her way through the sixth.

There is nothing so like a man or woman, as another man or woman; and there is nothing so unlike. We see this when we consider extraordinary men or women; but there is the same thing to be noticed in all those with whom we live; and so it has perhaps not been ill said, that each man or woman is a new creation. So thoroughly and essentially is he or she different from the rest of his or her species.

Maggie was no doubt somewhat of a genius; but there is something else to be noted, which may account for the extraordinary power and rapidity with which she mastered all that was

brought to her to learn. There is a time in youth when the powers of mind have not been dulled by disuse, and when they have not been blunted or exhausted by too much use (which is the case with most young people); and almost any man, who will look back upon his youth, will recollect that there was a time when he made, as it were, a sort of spurt, and really understood what it was, to put out all the force and vitality that were in him.

Maggie was just at this time of life and mind; and that same adroitness, which had always made her so skilful in manual work, was now employed in book learning.

For the present we must leave Maggie, and narrate some of the early history of Thurston's life, which will show whether he was likely or not to respond to the feelings of affection which poor Maggie, almost unconsciously to herself, but most truly and devotedly, entertained for him.

Chapter XXIX.

ROWLAND THURSTON'S STORY.

I AM enabled to give Rowland Thurston's story in his own words, for he told it to me, and to an eminent man of letters, a great writer of fiction, whom I will call "Sir Aubrey." We had been talking about the marriages of some of our friends, and had made the not unusual remark, "what a strange thing love is." Sir Aubrey, too, had said, that frequent as were the mistakes made in this matter of marriage, it was still a satisfaction to him to think that by far the greater number of marriages in England were love marriages, at any rate on one side or the other, and mostly on both sides; and that marriage was not

yet with us made a matter of mere barter and family arrangement.

We had all along treated Mr. Thurston as if he were a man who knew nothing about this subject; and we almost apologized for talking about it before him. We had been speaking of a novel which had been written by Sir Aubrey in his young days, and had been discussing the conduct of the hero and heroine, when Mr. Thurston interrupted us.

I will now give the conversation that ensued in the form of a conversation, as it actually occurred.

THURSTON. And so you say, or at any rate you seem to think, that it is impossible for me to understand, or at least to sympathize with, the loves of Sir Aubrey's hero and heroine. Ah me! I wish I did not understand them quite so well as I do.

Do you recollect, Sir Aubrey, in one of those books of yours, which exercise a strange fascination over all young people, and indeed, over most elderly ones too, you said, "There is for

many a man a spot in some quiet churchyard, which is ineffably dear to him, as underneath it lies his first love?" I do not think I quote the words accurately, but my attempt at quotation may remind you of them; and the passage in which they occur is the one which affected me more than anything you have written.

SIR AUBREY. Other men have told me the same thing. I am proud to hear that anything I have ever written should have affected you, Mr. Thurston.

MYSELF. But tell us now, Thurston, how it happened to affect you so much: a love story is always interesting. Not that I ever gave you credit for having one to tell.

THURSTON. Mine is utterly commonplace, not being one of those dexterous things which Sir Aubrey weaves out of his imagination, and which keep one in a state of uncertainty and tribulation until the end of the third volume.

SIR AUBREY. Every love story must be commonplace. There must be thousands which resemble it.

THURSTON. I am not sure of that. On the contrary, I think that each love story is a new life-drama, such as the world has never seen acted before. But what I mean is, that my story has no perilous adventures or strange surprises; but I must say, that I think the actors in it were not altogether common personages; at least I know that one of them was not.

Before beginning my story, I must make one or two remarks.

I suppose, as you are observant persons, you must have observed that there is more beauty to be met with in omnibuses than anywhere else?

MYSELF. I agree with you, Thurston. Beautiful respectability travels in omnibuses. The female part of our aristocracy is not excessively beautiful. They are pre-eminent in gracefulness, but it is in the middle classes that there is most beauty, and perhaps most of all in the lower strata of these classes.

THURSTON. Good! Well, then, do you know anything about wood engraving?

SIR AUBREY. Not much.

THURSTON. The artist makes the design for the engraving. Afterwards he transfers it to a wooden block, or, if he is a practised hand, he makes his design upon the block itself. Then there comes the cutter-out, the person who cuts away all that part of the wood which has not upon it the dark lines of the original artist. If the graving tool should slip, and should cut away a bit of the surface of the block which is to remain, then a fresh piece of wood has to be inserted into the block; and all the work, so far as the new surface is concerned, has to be gone over again. This is very delicate work: it is often entrusted to women. You understand something of the work now, don't you?

MYSELF. Yes.

THURSTON. I will now proceed with my story. I was a very poor man when I was young. You two, I dare say, remember me as a sizar at Trinity. I did not get a fellowship. My reading was too discursive for that; and when I left Cambridge, I went to study for the bar. My father, a poor clergyman, had the greatest difficulty in furnishing me even with the scantiest means of support

while I was reading law. I had the good fortune to be a pupil to Mr. Featherstone, the greatest chamber counsel of his time, who, dear fat man, sat like a big spider in his chambers, weaving skilful webs of law to entangle human flies, or enabling the flies who were his clients to break through other spiders' webs. There was before him, at the time when my story commences, a great canal case, which had passed through the inferior courts, and was being heard as an appeal case in the House of Lords. From day to day my master's opinion was wanted as to the conduct of the case. He used to send me to watch the proceedings. One day the Lords sat later than usual (good heavens, upon what trifles our fate depends !), and as he expected me to be with him, to give my report, by a certain hour, I was obliged to take an omnibus from Westminster to the Temple. In those days I was so poor that I did not willingly ride, even in omnibuses. The omnibus was nearly full; the conductor gave the word to move on before I was seated, and so I was thrown forward, almost into the lap of one of the passengers, a young girl. Instead,

however, of looking crossly, she smiled pleasantly upon me, and made room for me by her side. Those were the days of ferocious bonnets, commonly called "coal-scuttles;" but once or twice I got a peep round the huge ungainly thing which overshadowed my young neighbour's face, and looked upon one of the sweetest countenances I have ever beheld. I do not much like to describe it, for I agree with our friend here (meaning me) that all descriptions of the human countenance are poor and inadequate.

Sir Aubrey. Do describe her. However poor the description may be, it brings the person a little better before our eyes than if there were no description at all. Any weather is better than none, as a wit said to a grumbler about the weather. And so I say in this case, any description is better than none.

Thurston. Well, she was a brunette; that is, in complexion. But she had blue eyes. The forehead was not high; the nose was small and mobile. There is the expression of "making

mouths" at you, and of "making eyes" at you; but there are some people who make noses at you. I know that this is not the way in which one would describe a great beauty; but indeed she was beautiful in her queer way. Her whole countenance was full of delicate drollery. I suppose that the defect of her face would have been said to be, that she had too large a mouth; but it was beautifully formed, and would wreathe into the most gracious smiles. By the way, I see a smile upon your faces.

SIR AUBREY. I am sure, Thurston, it is not a disparaging smile.

THURSTON. But I know what you were thinking of. You were thinking of "muckle-mou'd Meg." Well, it was not a Meg, it was a Jessie. To proceed with my story. I got out at the Temple, and she pursued her way. Mr. Featherstone said that day, that to be a clever boy, such as I was (he called all his pupils boys till they were forty-seven), I certainly had but a very poor account to give of that day's proceedings before the Lords.

The next day, somehow or other, the Lords were late again; at least I suppose so, for I went back by the same omnibus, which I had well noted. She was there; but I did not this time manage to sit close to her. A very cunning looking woman, of a masculine mien, sat next to her; and this woman got out at Northumberland Street; but I did not get out at the Temple, having resolved to ascertain where this girl would leave the omnibus. Just before we reached the top of Ludgate Hill she felt in her pocket for her purse; could not find it; and began to look alarmed and miserable. I saw directly what had happened; told her that I feared she had been robbed, as proved to be the case; proffered my assistance; and got out with her, being allowed to carry a parcel for her, which, though small, I noticed was very heavy. She did not seem to like my accompanying her, but could not well refuse. I soon found out who she was. The parcel contained a large wood-block, which she was taking back to one of the publishers in Paternoster Row. And this was how she prin-

cipally gained her living, as a wood engraver.

I need not go much further into detail: all love stories at this point are very much alike. The sittings of my Lords continued, somewhat unaccountably, to be late; but I took great care, lest some other pupil should be sent in my place, to satisfy Mr. Featherstone about their lordships' proceedings. In the meantime, I improved my acquaintance with Jessie, and gradually made it proceed to something like intimacy, so that I was allowed sometimes to visit her in the evening.

No two babes could have been more innocent than we were. I read my books, and prepared my work for the morrow, while she did her engraving work, or employed herself in designing a dress. At the time I made her acquaintance she was employed, on extraordinary occasions, by the great Madame Delavigne, and was at work on a court dress for a person whom she called "the sheriff's lady." Jessie always spoke with something like conscious pride of this occasional

employment by Madame Delavigne. It was a tribute to Jessie's sense of high art. The engraving work was, comparatively speaking, mechanical.

O, those evenings! Have I ever known anything like them since? And yet it cannot be said that I have not lived with some of the most notable people of my time, yourselves (so he was pleased to say) for instance. I have said we were as innocent as babes; and so we were. She was alone in the world, fatherless and motherless. Her father had been an engraver of no mean note; but he died very poor, as is the way with such people. Her orphanhood guarded her, in my eyes, with an ægis of the tenderest respect. Sometimes, on leaving, I presumed to kiss her hand; and sometimes, but upon very rare occasions, when I had been more than usually studious, she would lay down her work, come behind my chair, put her hands on my shoulders, shake me gently, and say, "Mr. Rowland, I will have no more of this work to-night."

How we did talk, when we were not working!

MYSELF. That I can well imagine, Thurston, for it has never been said of you that you were deficient in the power of talking.

THURSTON. Ah! she was far superior to me. She could talk well about everything. I believe that that power of expression which she possessed has had a great effect upon me throughout life. It has shown me how unapproachable is the power of native talent, and how little, comparatively speaking, education does for women. (*This, by the way, is a little inconsistent with what Mr. Thurston was wont to say about the need for mathematical education for women; but who is consistent in love?*)

SIR AUBREY. I quite agree with you, Thurston. The most fascinating women I have ever known have been supremely ignorant.

THURSTON. Jessie was not supremely ignorant; but she was not what you would call an educated woman. She could talk, though, of the highest subjects as well as of the lowest. Her views of religion were not, I am afraid, quite orthodox. Neither were mine at that time; and I am not sure that they are now.

It was a ceaseless wonder with Jessie how the world could have been made so hard and severe a thing; and the stories she would tell me, stories that she had picked up in her intercourse with the poor, used to move both her and me to the utmost compassion. She was one of those persons to whom all other persons rush to confide in. And even the guiltiest found in her a sister confessor. It was beautiful to see, or rather to hear, how delicately she would convey these stories to me, and moralize upon them.

One of the themes upon which Jessie was most eloquent, was in picturing a Utopia. I need hardly tell you, that she had not read Sir Thomas More's great work, neither was she well acquainted with the "New Atlantis" of Lord Bacon, nor with Berkeley's "Gaudentio di Lucca," nor with Harrington's "Oceana." But it seemed to me then, as it does now, that she beat all these great philosophers in the Utopia that she would have created on the earth. Jessie used to say, "Oh, if all the people who love one another could live together in one big house

upon an island, how happy we all might be." And then she would go into details, for Jessie was a most practical person, far more practical than I was, and would distribute the tasks and labours of this happy family in a way which showed that she had endeavoured to think how it should be done, and how an earthly paradise should be created in this most unparadisiacal of worlds. I used to joke with her about the necessity of Madame Delavigne's establishment being all accommodated in this big house. And she would reply to me in her droll way, "We dress for you, sir, and are obliged to change our costumes to please the changeful and inconstant nature of you men. My big house would not be Utopian if there were not in it a Madame Delavigne, with all her staff of artistes devoted to creating what, if not beautiful, is at least changeable, and suited to the inconstant nature of you most inconstant creatures, men."

Her similes were wonderful. If you observe, the use of metaphor and simile comes by nature,

not by art. I remember once we had read a work of fiction together. We afterwards read a review of it; and I must own, though I seldom concur with the critics, when their criticism is severe, that the work had a bad tendency. "Ah, he must feel," said Jessie, speaking of the author, "like an innocent and loving father who finds that his son has been guilty of some crime; and, poor dear, though he cannot but admit the crime, he does not still believe in the criminality of the criminal, for he is sure he did not mean it; and the child is his."

As for topics of conversation, they were never wanting to her. It is feeble talkers only who have to look about for topics. What she heard and saw in the streets; what her authors said about her engravings; what took place in Madame Delavigne's work-room—a microcosm of labour, suffering and triumph—what domestic events convulsed the little household where Jessie dwelt, furnished unfailing subjects for conversation. Jessie, too, had some skill as a mimic; but her mimicry was graceful, delicate and almost

affectionate, as if she loved the person whom she mimicked, as was that of a certain great prince whom I afterwards came to know.

I shall never forget a scene which she once described, a quarrel between her landlady, who was the happy owner of a wonderful tabby cat, and the neighbouring landlady, who possessed an equally wonderful poodle dog. These two creatures, the dog and the cat, quarrelled as desperately as if they had been married; and dire were the injuries which, in some special conflict, each had suffered. How Jessie described the two old ladies, raised on upturned washing-tubs, and fulminating against each other from opposite sides of the common wall in their back gardens. It was inconceivable the fun which Jessie would throw into such trivial narratives as these. But, in all respects, she was one of the brightest and most genial of companions. You will laugh at me, but I often thought of Plato when I was talking to Jessie, and recollected what Diotima is said to have been to Socrates, and Aspasia to Pericles. But my Aspasia was a good Aspasia.

It seemed as if omnibuses were to have the greatest influence for good and evil on poor Jessie. In getting out of an omnibus, which started before she reached the ground, she was thrown forward, and was injured by her fall.

It happened, too, that just at that time there was a great fancy ball, and Jessie was unable to take any care of herself. All her designing power was demanded by Madame Delavigne, and Jessie was nearly worked to death. You know how unreasonable great ladies are on these occasions. I remember there was one lady, one of the foremost beauties of that day, and who is still very beautiful. She was particularly urgent and cruel; and, for some silly changes in her costume at the last moment, several of the poor girls at Madame Delavigne's, and Jessie at the head of them, had to sit up all night; the night previous to the ball. This lady was an eminent anti-slavery partizan. Years afterwards I sat next to her at dinner, and I do not think she will easily forget the remarks I made to her about white slaves and their lady drivers.

From this time Jessie's health declined. She was no longer employed at Madame Delavigne's; and her engraving work lost its precision. Whether it was from the mortification she endured from being no longer able to execute her work, or from the privations she suffered, or whether there was greater injury from the omnibus accident than we had at first supposed, she fell into a rapid decline; and I was soon told by the doctor that there was no longer any hope of her living.

She was quite alone in the world, and had not a single friend or relation to aid her in her distress but myself. No, that is not quite true. The girls at Madame Delavigne's proffered their aid (how loving the poor are to the poor!); but Jessie could not be brought to take anything from their hard-earned savings. How I worked those times! I wrote magazine articles (I shouldn't like to look at them now); I got money for reporting; in fact, I toiled in every way in which such a youngster could toil to make money. How frightful poverty is in such cases! How,

as one goes along the streets, one feels enraged and soured at not being able to lay hold honestly of any portion of that wealth which seems to be flung so lavishly before one's eyes. Looking back upon those days, it almost seems to me as if I could have committed a crime to prolong the swiftly-fleeting hours of Jessie's life,—each hour so dear to me.

She accepted readily all that I could do for her. Hers was too great a soul to care about obligation. You may almost mark out great men and women by the way they can make light of large obligations. She knew that she would have worked her heart out for me; and, reading me by the light of her own loving nature, was well aware that my only comfort was in working for her.

The dreadful disease, with its horrid, tantalizing fluctuations of hope and despondency, sped on. The last day of her life approached.

Shortly before the moment of her death, she made a sign for me to come closer to her, and she whispered to me, "It is well for you, my dearest

dear, that you should lose me now. What could I be but a hindrance to you."

Have you ever, Sir Aubrey, watched a dying person whom you loved? You have, I see; I need not therefore, say anything to you about my feelings.

She then fell into a deep sleep; but awaking, after an hour's interval, she again beckoned me to approach. I bent over her. This time she grasped my hand, and I remember it was with a grasp that almost gave me new hope against hope that she had still much vitality in her. Then she said, almost in a loud voice, "My own, I do love you so."

You must know that we had not indulged in any of these tender expressions before. We had never told each other (why should we?) that we loved. Our "open secret" was disclosed, our declared love-making was all made, in the grim presence of a third person, who, with all his power, cannot conquer Love; and this person was Death.

After she had spoken, still keeping my hand

in hers, she fell back. I could not release my hand to prop her up with pillows. A strange appearance, strange to me at least, for it was the first death I had witnessed—a strange appearance, I say, as of an unearthly brightness, passed slowly over her face, just as I have seen a sudden gleam of sunshine pass over a great expanse of country. This was immediately succeeded by the darkness of death; the grasp upon my hand was loosened; and then Jessie's spirit took its departure from this earth.

They talk of lifelong sorrows. There are no such things; and yet there are such things in a certain sense. But they are sealed up in the depths of a man's soul. He knows that if he were to unseal them, they would spread over his whole soul, and enfeeble all his efforts. So he works on, knowing that if he looked into these sealed fountains of sorrow, he would lack the courage to work at all; and perhaps his husbandry is all the more profitable for the world, because there are no longer for him any poppies rising up amidst the corn. To speak in the lan-

guage of romantic persons, The Beautiful is dead; but The Useful abides, and is sufficient to occupy the few sad and sombre days which remain to a man who has experienced any great sorrow—any stroke of the heart.

I was again utterly alone in the world. Hard work it was for me to provide the necessary outlay for the poor funeral, followed only, as it was, by a single mourner. Some great poet should write a poem to show how much greater grief there often is at a funeral where there is only a single mourner, mayhap one who follows afar off, than at those funerals where there is all "the pomp of heraldry," and the largest concourse of funereal retinue.

I remember, years and years after Jessie's death, being consulted as regarded some legal difficulty connected with the shutting up of that graveyard where Jessie lies buried. And I said to myself, "Yes; shut it up; and God only knows how much of my heart is shut up within it."

When Thurston had ceased speaking there

was a painful silence. I felt that the tears were very near my eyes; and even Sir Aubrey, an accomplished man of the world, looked a little embarrassed. He got out of this very well, however, I thought; for he took Thurston's hand in his, and pressed it. We said nothing about the story. What can one say when a man tells one the sad lifelong story of his love; and when the after-time moves with him, as it did with Sisyphus:—

> And weary, weary seem'd the languid days,
> Joyless the feast, and glitterless the gold.[1]

Somehow or other, in an abrupt way, we began to talk about politics, and we discussed the question whether the House of Lords could, would, or should, reject a certain bill upon the second reading, or whether they should try to bleed it to death by amendments in committee. Thurston, as usual, talked well upon this subject, as he did upon most subjects; but Sir Aubrey

[1] "The Lost Tales of Miletus," by Lord Lytton.

and I were dull and depressed, and made talk instead of talking naturally.

Independently of my thoughts of Jessie's death, and Thurston's life-long sorrow, I could not help thinking of Maggie's love, which I had perceived, and conjecturing what would be the end of it. I remembered now, that I had heard Thurston say, "I hold the theory that a man loves supremely, I would say, *mortally*, but once in his life; that there is for him but one *grande passion*, as the French would say; and that a man can no more love twice than he can be born twice, or die twice—with the overpowering and abiding love, at least, that I have known—*in others*."

Chapter XXX.

MR. THURSTON IS ENLIGHTENED.

IT need hardly be said that Mr. Thurston was totally unconscious of Maggie's growing affection for him—at any rate of the nature of that affection. But there was a person in his household who was not so unconscious, and who indeed was perfectly aware of what were Maggie's feelings in this matter. This was Mr. Thurston's housekeeper. The good old lady's sagacity in this respect was not sharpened by any feminine jealousy; for, as has been said before, she had come to regard Maggie, whom she had helped to clothe, as almost one of her own children. And Maggie dutifully repaid this affection. But

the old lady knew that it was desirable for both of them—for her master and Maggie—"that this thing should be put a stop to," as she said. The old lady said to herself, that "master did not care for any one, not even for her, so much as for one of his big books;" and if the old lady had any jealous dislike of anything, it was of a certain big book, which I believe was Du Cange's "Dictionary of Middle and Infamous Latin:" as some wags have called it—one of those big books which her master was always poring over.

The housekeeper contrived one day, just before dinner, to send out Maggie on some message to Count Casimir's lodgings, — resolving, after dinner, to enlighten her master as to Maggie's nascent affection for him. "A sweet child that, sir," said the old woman, as she lingered after dinner, and was invited to take a glass of wine; "a very sweet child."

"Yes, Mrs. Goodall, she is, and very quick at her learning; much quicker than I ever expected her to be."

"I'm afraid, sir, she doesn't care so much for her books as she does to please somebody."

"I hope not, Mrs. Goodall. I assure you that's all nonsense, utter nonsense, that story about Count Casimir and her. The young man only did what I should have done, if I had been in his place. Poor thing, what she must have suffered amongst those barbarians!"

"No, sir, I don't mean Mr. Casimir."

This remark of the old lady roused Mr. Thurston, who had hitherto given but an indifferent attention to what his housekeeper had been saying. He began to think that Mrs. Goodall had really found out the true state of the case, and had discovered (women are so sharp, he said to himself, in finding out about this rubbish) that Lord Glenant was in love with Maggie. But then he said to himself, Maggie herself does not know that. And then, aloud, "You women are always thinking about love and marriage, as if they were the only important things in the world; and you fancy that when any young man makes a civil speech to

any young woman, he is forthwith going to ask her to marry him. My good old friend, people don't love so often in the course of their lives." Here he sighed; and the old lady said to herself, "Poòr master!" for she had not lived with him so many years without finding out that he had once been desperately in love.

But she replied, "It was not any young man I was thinking of, sir."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Goodall? Don't speak in riddles. Surely you don't think that Mr. Brockenhurst, the great political economist, who is the only middle-aged gentleman besides myself that Maggie has seen much of, is in love with Maggie, and she with him?"

"No, sir. It's the other gentleman."

"Good God, woman, you don't mean me!"

"But I do, though; and now the murder's out, and I've told you the truth, master."

"Nonsense, nonsense! How can a woman of your years and your good sense talk such folly."

No woman likes to hear her years alluded to,

even though the unpleasant allusion is qualified by hearing praise of her good sense. Accordingly Mrs. Goodall, rather in a huff, changed the subject, and shortly after left the room. But she by no means left Mr. Thurston's mind as much at ease as when she began the conversation. He was a very acute man, even in matters of the world, when he gave, which was rarely, his full attention to them. Many little traits of Maggie's conduct towards him, unnoticed before, now intruded themselves upon his thoughts. Before he had finished thinking of the subject, he had come to a conclusion not very different from that of his housekeeper.

This conclusion was most unwelcome to him. He was really frightened at it. He saw more clearly than ever what a loving and loveable girl Maggie was. He could not help thinking what a good thing it would be for the Lochawes if Glenant were to fail in winning Maggie's affections; but he could not sacrifice herself, and himself, and his recollections of the past, to gratify the pride of the Lochawes. In justice

to Mr. Thurston it must be said, that his first and main thought was of the sacrifice that it would be of Maggie, if he were to allow her, for what he thought to be a mere passing fancy, to ally herself to a man of his age, who had only a small portion of the heart to give her. Finally, he resolved to be very cold to Maggie, and, though not diminishing his kindness, to show her that he was a tutor and guardian, and certainly not a lover.

Chapter XXXI.

CASIMIR RESUMES HIS ENTERPRISE.

I HAVE now given some account of the principal events which had occurred at home while Lord Glenant and Ruth were engaged in their rescue of the old Count and his companions.

Lord Glenant and his party, though having a longer distance to traverse, had outstripped Ruth and her party, and had reached England two or three weeks before their arrival. He was the bearer of good news; or at any rate his news was good so far as it went. Shortly afterwards there came a letter from Ruth to Casimir, written very guardedly, in case it should be opened in its transit, a day or two after they had escaped

from the clutches of the Russian governor of ——, which letter gave assurance that their journey had up to that time been prosperous.

Under these circumstances, Casimir's general health began to improve rapidly, and an improvement in his eyesight followed upon the general improvement of his health. With renewed health came renewed interest and vigour in his studies and preparations for emigration; and he was actively employed in such studies when the party from Russia returned.

The meeting between the father and the son was most tender and affecting. The Professor and Bettina were also welcomed by the young man with all the affection that had subsisted amongst the principal members of the Count's household throughout Count Casimir's childhood and youth.

Casimir discussed his plans of emigration with his father, informing him at the same time of his wish, if his father would permit him, and would accompany him, to commence the enterprise at once. The old Count had been tho-

roughly prepared for this resolve by his son's letters. Knowing his son's character well, he had foreseen for some time that Casimir would desire to lead a colony into distant lands. The Count without hesitation gave his consent, and said he would accompany his son. It was also agreed that the Professor and Bettina should go too.

Although the Maremmas were now greatly impoverished, their estates having been confiscated, the old Count, as we have said before, had been provident enough to purchase in former years jewels and plate of considerable value, which he had succeeded in bringing away with him, and which would, he said, furnish sufficient funds, at any rate, to launch the enterprise; and besides, Lord Lochawe had said that he would provide anything which would be likely to promote the success of the expedition. The Count, for there is no father who is not a little worldly for his son, ventured to make a suggestion to Casimir about the advantage of a marriage with his cousin Alice; but this suggestion was coldly, though affectionately and re-

spectfully, put aside by the young man; and the father saw at once that this was not a part of his scheme which could be carried out.

Previously to his father's arrival, Casimir had communicated to Lord Lochawe his intention of emigrating. The Earl did not make much resistance to it. He had now both Lord Glenant and Charles Ashurst to push forward in the political world; and, though he loved Casimir as much as ever, the future of the young man was not a matter of such absorbing interest to the Earl as it had been.

Nothing remained now but to complete the preparations necessary for Count Casimir's enterprise. The principal difficulty, as the reader will have gathered, was not so much the providing the money, as the men and women who should be chosen as fit persons to form the main body of the emigrants. This had been one of the subjects that had occasioned the most anxious thought to Casimir. Two chief sources had occurred to him from which he might draw the human material for his enterprise. One was

the estate surrounding Loudenham Castle—Lord Lochawe's residence in Scotland,—from which he would bring his labourers; and the other was, that miserable part of London, where he had himself resided as a workman, and where he hoped to find his artisans.

He had also, with Mr. Thurston's aid, been for some time upon the look out for young men of the higher classes, chiefly professional men, whom he could persuade to accompany him. In this he had been very successful, for there are many young men in England, well-educated and well-conditioned, desiring nothing so much as even the chance of a career, and who are therefore willing to cast in their lot with a man such as Casimir Maremma, who could promise to lead them to new lands, and whom they felt to be a leader worthy in every respect to conduct such an enterprise.

It remains to be seen how he fared in his endeavour to gain his artisans and his labourers from the two places whence he had resolved, in the first instance, to seek for them.

Chapter XXXII.

CASIMIR'S RECRUITS.

I MUST now conduct the reader to that squalid part of the town where Casimir in former days had worked; and I must describe a man who was a very important personage in that quarter. His name was John Garlick, and he was an old man. When I say "old," I mean he was about the age when thriving barristers are inclined "to take silk," and when rising members of Parliament are spoken of as likely to be connected with the next administration.

But John Garlick had sedulously cultivated old age, and made the most of it as a means of maintaining his power. Being a wizened little

fellow, and slightly hump-backed, he was aided by nature in his effort to appear much older than he was. The profane and the scornful sometimes called him "Humpy;" but by far the greater number called him "wise old John." He really was a very clever man; but probably, without that cleverness, he would have attained his present high station by a phrase which he was always using. He was always saying, "Everybody is so hasty," or "you are all so hasty;" or "haste it is, that has done it," when anything was done which was not right. Not that John Garlick was at all conservative. He was, in fact, a determined Radical, and took a great part in the contests between the workmen and their masters; but he never joined any workman's club, for it was part of old John's policy to stand aloof, and to be the person to be consulted in all difficulties. Nothing came amiss to him in the way of consultation; and he was as ready to give his advice to lad and lass when they were meditating marriage, as he was to advise upon the best mode of resisting

"the masters." Indeed he was universally consulted about love affairs; and when a marriage was approved by "wise old John," who thought that lads and lasses, like other people, were very hasty, the marriage was sure of general approbation.

Old John had not attained to this power and authority without much scheming for it. There are grand ambitions very low down in human life; and old John had struggled and schemed and waited for his position as the wise man of this suburb, quite as much as any Prime Minister has struggled and schemed and waited for his.

When Casimir Maremma had determined upon his enterprise of emigration, one of his first thoughts was to recruit largely for his emigrants in that quarter of the town in which he had lived as a workman. He knew those people well, both collectively and individually. There is nothing like working with a man for finding out what he is like and what he can do. We see this in the higher classes of society. You may meet a man very often in what is called society without really

ascertaining anything of his character, or of his powers. But only sit in committee with him for a few hours, or have any other business to transact with him, and you soon find out what he is like and what he can do.

Casimir had not only taken great heed of the men with whom he had worked, keeping lists of them according to their several qualifications, but he had also paid great attention to the children, with whom "Gentleman George," as they called him, was an especial favourite. He had not mentioned any of these things in his letters to his father, which were always devoted to more serious topics; but he had, throughout his career as a workman, been very observant of all the different members of the population which surrounded him. Some of these I may now describe. There were two boys whose occupation was the selling lucifer matches. These two had especially attracted Casimir's notice. They were twins; they were very interesting and very intelligent boys, and would have been singularly handsome, but for one great defect.

Each of them had an eye misplaced, as it were. I do not know what their names were, but Casimir always called them Loucher senior and Loucher junior. Loucher senior's right eye was quite out of its proper place; and Loucher junior's left eye had the same untoward position. The intense affection of the children for one another was most touching. Casimir would give one of them some cherries or a tart, and he observed that the poor little fellow, however hungry he might be, never ate any of the tart or the cherries until he could find his brother and share it with him. The two little fellows went out to different railway-stations to sell their matches. Loucher senior was the more bold and pushing boy of the two. In fact, barring the slight accomplishments of reading and writing, there was hardly anything that a London boy of his age could say or do, that Loucher senior was not up to. Naturally, therefore, he was in general the better sales-boy of the two. It was a touching sight, which Casimir had often contrived to witness, to see the two children sitting on the kerbstone with

their naked feet in the gutter, arranging the proceeds of the day's sale, and dividing the halfpence and the boxes that were left; and then to see them bring out the little messes of food which each had got, and the best of which each was anxious, with many endearments, to press upon the other. When Loucher junior was very tired, Loucher senior would take him in his arms, and in that loving position the younger one would sometimes fall asleep; and Casimir often thought that a great painter, some Murillo, might have taken many a subject less worthy of his pencil than Loucher senior and Loucher junior bending over the gutter.

Casimir resolved to take these boys with him.

There was also another family that had much interested him. The head of the family, at the time of which we are speaking, was a boy of thirteen, and very proud he was of being the head of the family. He was made of sterner stuff than either of the Loucher twins, and though he earned a most precarious livelihood by attending

at cab-stands, holding gentlemen's horses, and occasionally going about with a man who sold fish, he contrived to support himself and two sisters, one of the sisters being only ten years old, and the other seventeen years old, but half an idiot.

Casimir resolved to take this family, too, with him, notwithstanding the burthen of the elder sister. For, as Casimir well said, a body of emigrants should have several persons among them to pity and to care for. There were many other stray waifs of humanity amongst the juvenile population, especially girls, upon whom Casimir had had his eye, and whom he meant to carry with him. Some of them were of the most pitiable class; but he did not despair of their reformation, and of making them useful and good women in another sphere. Casimir's heart would bound within him, for though a philanthropist, he had a great regard and affection for individuals, when he thought that in carrying out his main scheme, he should not merely be able to better the condition of skilful artisans and hard-working labourers, but that he should make

some other condition for persons whose only condition now was infamy. This thought had sustained him through all the discouragements he had had to endure. And no man undertakes any great thing without having to endure plenty of discouragement, even from those who are most inclined to favour his enterprise. For almost all people have their moments of doubt, disheartenment, and vacillation; and, at such times, a leader must provide hope, courage, and resolution for his followers. Others may hesitate, and have the second thoughts of halting wisdom, but he must ever abide by his first resolve, and indulge in no second thoughts, however wise they may appear to be.

It was not without a beating heart and much concealed suffering from painful recollections, that Casimir made his way to the house where he had lived as a workman, and where Maggie's relations still occupied their old quarters. Knowing the habits of the people amongst whom he had dwelt, Casimir chose that time of the day when he was sure to find them at home. He went first

to "wise old John." The old man welcomed him most warmly; not, however, without telling him, "that *he* shouldn't have been so hasty," that "*they* shouldn't have been so hasty," and that "haste ruined all things." Casimir had resolved to confide in "wise old John," and also to make him the medium of explaining to all the others what had been the reasons for Casimir's disguising himself as a workman, and what were his future plans.

The whole of the neighbourhood knew what had happened to Casimir, and who had been the prime movers in that atrocious scheme for injuring him, which had been so successful. It had of course been noticed that the whole affair had been "kept dark," to use their phrase; but they were much divided as to their explanation of this circumstance. Some said, "it proved he were a spy," whereas others said, "it showed he were a good fellow."

The whole street soon knew that "Gentleman George" had come back again, and was closeted with "wise old John!" Groups were formed at

every door, and heads were out at every window. At length Casimir left old John Garlick's room, and came down into the street. He was dressed very judiciously. These little things are always well worth attending to in the greatest affairs. He was dressed as a gentleman, but in the plainest manner. He went up to the first group he met, and offered his hand to those amongst them whom he knew. By some it was at once and heartily accepted, whereas there were others who slunk away, probably being somewhat conscience-stricken, as having been more or less concerned in the outrage against him. His appearance was greatly in his favour, especially with the women-kind. Casimir was sadly altered, and bore in his countenance indelible marks of great physical suffering. He still looked like a man who had not complete command of his eyesight, and in the full light, which distressed him greatly, seemed hardly to be able to recognize the people he spoke to. Among the women there were many exclamations of "poor dear, I shouldn't ha' knowed him. He be twenty

years older, that he be." One good-natured youth, who had been much concerned in the outrage, for in truth it was he who had brought the fatal box to Casimir's lodgings, began to cry, and even knelt down and begged his forgiveness. This was an opportunity which Casimir had hoped for, but had hardly expected to have. "Never mind, my lad," he said, with a loud voice. "It was all a mistake; a mistake on both sides. None of you would have hurt your friend George, if you had understood him." At last he made his way out of the street, and went away.

Many times, however, before his departure from England did he return to that neighbourhood. "Wise old John" played his part very well, and was a most faithful coadjutor to Casimir. They had meetings, not of a public character, at which Casimir attended, and explained his plans of emigration. These explanations met with great success; but the success was not fully crowned until it was rumoured, and marvellous to relate the rumour proved to be true, that "wise old John" was going too. There was

one very ludicrous circumstance connected with this which did not fail to attract the attention of the whole community; and that was, that wise old John began to throw off some of his years, having heard that emigrants should be youthful, and indeed, as the women said, "he seemed to have gained as many years as Master Mremmer had lost."

Finally, Casimir had at his command the greater part of his old friends and comrades to choose from as emigrants, and—a fact which showed still more convincingly what power and influence he had obtained over these people—he found he would be allowed to take with him those stray waifs of humanity and not very reputable persons whom I have alluded to, or described, above. This was certainly one of the highest proofs of his power, for no persons can be more unpleasantly aristocratic, and more severely virtuous in their indignation against the vicious, than some of the best persons among the class of artisans. But happily in this world a favourite can do anything.

One thing Casimir insisted upon, and that was, that the artisans and labourers who were to accompany him should provide a certain portion of the passage money. This he thought, and wisely thought, would give an earnest of the depth and sincerity of their wish to accompany him, and he insisted upon it. The police remarked that they had never had so little trouble in that part of the town as during this period of what may be called probation. Nothing else was thought of or talked of there, but how the money should be got together to enable those who were chosen to emigrate.

There was then shown much of that goodness of the poor to the poor which has been so often commented upon. Those who were to remain behind, did not fail, in many instances, to give all their savings to their friends and relations who were to go. Many an heroic deed was done in that quarter, which needed only a skilful annalist to narrate and illustrate its heroism. It required all the reputation for wisdom and the real sagacity which "wise old John" pos-

sessed, to prevent the pressure upon Casimir of persons wishing to accompany him being too great, and also to suppress the discontent which would sometimes arise on the part of those who were to be left behind, and who, as they said, "did not see why they should be."

I may here mention an unpleasant circumstance which I have not hitherto alluded to respecting Maggie. Her brothers and her sister-in-law were, as might have been expected, the last persons won over by Casimir; and they had stoutly maintained that Maggie had been abducted (not that they used so fine a word), and that she should be brought back to them.

This demand caused much annoyance to Casimir; but at last the difficulty was overcome, having been greatly smoothed by the fact which has not hitherto been mentioned, that these brothers of Maggie's were only half-brothers, and that Maggie was supposed to be the daughter of some person of higher rank, name unknown.

I am afraid that Mr. Thurston's reputation

suffered very considerably in that neighbourhood, for it was universally believed that his kindness to poor Maggie proceeded from a warmer impulse than that of benevolence; and in fact, most people said that Maggie had now found her father. Hardly a doubt upon this point remained, when Mr. Thurston had upon some occasion accompanied Casimir to one of his meetings with the working people, for the women one and all declared that Mr. Thurston's eyes were the image of Maggie's, and besides, he had that dreamy dazed look which they recollected sometimes to have seen in Maggie. It need hardly be said that this was a mere effort of imagination on the part of these good people; and it certainly had no relation to the truth. However, it smoothed the way very much for the unconditional surrender of Maggie by her half-brothers to her new friends.

I have not hitherto mentioned what was one of the chief difficulties which vexed and perplexed Count Casimir. Many anxious days and nights did he pass in the consideration of it.

This was as regards the religious instruction for his emigrants. He knew, and it was especially impressed upon him by Mr. Thurston, that a great emigration scheme conducted by very noble persons, which had been based upon uniformity in religion, had partially failed. Finally, he resolved to take with him three young clergymen, one an evangelical, another a ritualist, another belonging to what is called the broad church, and a fourth, a dissenting minister, I believe a Wesleyan. This sectarian division went terribly against the grain with Casimir, who longed for uniformity in the religious as well as in the political status of his colony. But in the divided state of religious opinion in England, he did not see how he could do otherwise. He would have taken a Roman Catholic priest with him, if there had been any Catholics amongst his emigrants. What he hoped was, that ultimately he might induce something like conformity in matters of religion, and that there should be a oneness as regards this important matter as well as in the political and social state of his colony.

Chapter XXXIII.

THE GUESTS AT LOUDENHAM CASTLE.

CASIMIR'S success, in dealing with the denizens of that miserable part of the town where he had lived, had, as we have just seen, been very great. It remains to be told what success he met with when dealing with the agricultural classes on Lord Lochawe's estate in Scotland.

Loudenham Castle, the ancestral seat of the Lochawes, is one of the most picturesque piles of building in Great Britain. It is situated on a height, and overlooks a vast extent of loch, and glen, and mountain. It is an irregular building, about which a history of architecture might be written, as it comprises and illustrates the styles of many eras.

The main plan of the castle is this. There is a very large square court-yard, capable of holding between two and three thousand men; and in old times a body of troops of this number has often been gathered together to accompany former Earls of Lochawe in their forays upon the territories of hostile neighbours. At the north end of the square, there is an immense range of stabling; at the south end there are the principal reception rooms, which look out upon a rapid river that flows close under the walls, so closely, indeed, that from the windows of the lowest rooms you might fish for the salmon for which that noble river is so renowned.

On the east, and on the west sides, are long ranges of bed-rooms, intermixed with larger rooms, which had in former times been halls and guard-rooms.

It is a most puzzling place to find your way about. You have to descend and ascend, and wind about hither and thither, in a way which is unknown in modern mansions. A well-known writer, having once been induced to pay a visit

to Loudenham Castle, and being, like many of his tribe, a very unobservant man as regards locality, used to strew pieces of paper from the dining-room to his bed-room, in order that he might find his way back again, when the gong was sounded for dinner.

Notwithstanding the multiplicity of apartments in Loudenham Castle, there was not one very large room. It might have accommodated a small army with sleeping room; but for any great gathering, there was only the courtyard.

It was in the dining-room of Loudenham Castle, at a time somewhat nearer eleven than ten o'clock in the morning, that a party were assembled at breakfast. This party included almost all the persons who have been mentioned in this story, with many additions. Casimir Maremma was there, and his father, and the Professor, together with Lady Alice, and Lord Glenant, and Mr. Thurston. The Duke and Duchess of Brecon were there, as also the Marquis and Marchioness of Templemore, together with Mr. Elwyn, one of the principal writers

on sanitary matters, and Mr. Brentwood, a leader in the cause of education. Miss Ansley, the governess to whose forbearance Ruth had been so much indebted when conducting the Count and his companions through Russia, was also there, having become a friend of the Lochawes, and one who was not likely ever to be long separated from them, for all of them felt how deeply indebted they were to her.

The host, Lord Lochawe, entered the room, and after the usual morning greetings, exclaimed, "What a treasure the Lady Usefulness is, Mr. Thurston!"

"What new merit," said the Duchess, "has papa discovered in his paragon?"

"Well, my dear, when you were all going to bed last night, Miss Bethnal suggested to me that we should see what would be the effect of lighting up the new room, and she had made her preparations for the experiment. I should have thought of it myself, you know; I always do think of these things; but it was very judicious of her to suggest it. Do what we would,

it was as dark as Erebus. I had forgotten that the tarpaulins were black. We have resolved to whitewash them, to see what that will do. Oh, dear! what horrible weather. I am half afraid that many of our workmen will not be here to-day. But Miss Bethnal is superintending those that have come.

"I know it's no good talking to you lazy people about the merits of early rising, but we breakfasted, the Lady Usefulness and I, at half-past seven o'clock this morning. As for Glenant and Thurston, they are incorrigible; but I wonder, Maud, that you and Alice don't get up early sometimes, if only to see the beauty of the sunrise."

It may be observed that when a man is a widower, and has daughters, these daughters are generally a little inclined to keep papa in order by some judicious snubbing:

"Pray, papa," said the Duchess, "do you delight in the beauty of sunrise so much that you get up to see it? If so, perhaps you will describe its beauty to us."

"My dear, I get up for work; I have no time to look at sunrises."

"And," replied the Duchess, "Miss Bethnal —what does she get up for, papa?"

"To aid me, my dear. By the way, Thurston, of what family is she? I never heard of the Bethnals before. But she is a wonderfully clever girl, and must have been the daughter of somebody."

"Well, Lord Lochawe, I can't say that; for, indeed she is the daughter of nobody, as you would say. You know we men of letters are not like you great earls; we have a large acquaintance with nobodies. She is an orphan, and she was confided to my care; and very proud I am of her having been confided to me."

"Well, I thought," said Lord Lochawe, "that Miss Bethnal must have lived much with you men of letters, for sometimes" (here the Earl hesitated, and seemed a little embarrassed).

"Yes, papa," said the Duchess, "sometimes"—

"She uses," continued the Earl, "that strong

language which I have observed you men of letters are wont to use."

"Oh," said the Duchess, "it is evident that the paragon does not always keep to 'I have the honour to be;' but speaks so plainly that papa is quite shocked—that is, if he dares to be shocked at anything that his paragon says or does."

"It may be a fancy," said Lord Lochawe, endeavouring to turn the conversation, "but I cannot help thinking that I have seen her face before (perhaps at some great London party,) for hers is a face which you cannot easily forget when you have once seen it."

While the Earl was making this remark, Mr. Thurston, thinking of how and where Lord Lochawe had seen Miss Bethnal, felt very uncomfortable, and even blushed.

The Duchess of Brecon noticed this, and, as Her Grace was not accustomed to spare anybody, she remarked, "Upon my word, the mere mention of the paragon's name seems to call up unwonted colour in the faces of some gentlemen."

"I am sure, Duchess, if I could blush, I would," said Mr. Brentwood; "for if there is anybody who is an admirer of Miss Bethnal, I am that man. I never met with any young girl who had such judicious ideas about the education of the poor. That pamphlet of mine (I am afraid your grace has not finished reading it) she knows by heart, and she has given me some very valuable suggestions about the attendance of grown-up people in the evenings."

"And I too," said Mr. Elwyn, "must give my testimony in her favour. I declare if she had been a scientific man, or rather a scientific woman, she could not have appreciated more thoroughly my theory of tubular drainage. Now, Duchess, I would ask—"

"Don't ask me, Mr. Elwyn, for I am a perfect ignoramus, or rather ignorama, as I suppose I ought to say, in such matters; but the Duke knows everything."

"Well then, Duke, you see, for the delivery of any fluid, an egg shape is the best form of channel; and I do say that, of all the follies which have ever been committed in drainage—"

At this moment the young lady who had hitherto formed the principal topic of conversation, Miss Bethnal, hurriedly entered the room. After saluting the company, shaking hands with Lord Glenant, Count Casimir, and Mr. Thurston, and bending over Ruth Sumner to kiss her, Miss Bethnal hastily approached Lord Lochawe, drew him aside, and whispered something to him.

"Good gracious! my dear, you don't say so? I insisted upon the tarpaulins overlapping one another by at least two feet, which I thought would prevent any wet getting in."

"I assure you, Lord Lochawe, it does come in; but it has been raining all night."

Hereupon Lord Lochawe and Miss Bethnal quitted the room together.

The Duchess of Brecon leant across the Duke, who always sat by her in order that she might be properly attended to, and said to her sister Alice, in an audible whisper, "I never thought, my love, that we should ever be in danger of having a stepmother; but I begin to think so now; don't you?"

"No, Maud, I do not."

Here Lord Glenant interposed. Lord Glenant was one of those young men who are almost always as polite to their sisters as to other young women, but his remark on this occasion was very severe, and not very polite. He said, "Magnificent inutility, my dear Maud, mocks at usefulness; I do not wonder that my father should manifest this partiality for Miss Bethnal, as I am afraid that not one of us is so useful to him as she is—I know I am not."

It was now the Duchess's turn to blush, which she did with not a little anger in her soul; and tears of vexation rose to her eyes, for she had never before received such a reproof from her brother.

She rose from the breakfast-table, and the breakfast party was broken up.

It is easy to explain the foregoing scene; I hate having any concealments from the reader; Miss Bethnal was no other than our old friend, Maggie. I must honestly say I do not think it was quite right of Mr. Thurston to have

brought her with him to Loudenham Castle. But he had been overcome by Lord Glenant's entreaties that he should do so. And Lord Glenant had persuaded Casimir and Ruth, who were the only two other persons who knew Maggie by sight, to keep the secret.

I must also explain what the Earl meant when he alluded to Maggie's strong language. The truth is that Maggie had been much disconcerted by the folly and conceit of one of the men who had been working under her supervision at the temporary building. This workman had done something which would necessitate a great deal of undoing; and, to tell the honest truth, Maggie had informed him that he was a "cursed fool." She had done this rather *sotto voce*, having in the midst of her speech become aware that the good old Earl was near her. He had heard it, but could not bring himself to believe that he had heard it, and laid all the impropriety, if impropriety there was, on the literary class amongst whom he thought she had been brought up. Now let not this outburst of Maggie tell against her

with any of my readers. There is nothing in the world so hard to conquer as the use of bad language attained in early years. In my time, as a boy, not only did our armies swear terribly in Flanders and elsewhere, but there was a certain great school located in the precincts of a royal residence; and, notwithstanding this august neighbourhood, the scholars of that school used to swear with as big words as ever were used by our army in Flanders or elsewhere. I observe that none of us, not even the most refined, have quite got over this bad habit; and that, two or three times in the year at least, we are wont to say that a man is a damned fool, when it would be quite sufficient, and more than sufficient, to say that he is a fool, without adding that most uncomplimentary adjective.

How it was that all our *dramatis personæ* were at Loudenham Castle is also very easily explained. Lord Lochawe had entered into the emigration project with great vigour and earnestness. It was thought that it would be desirable to have great entertainments at Loudenham Castle both

for the rich and the poor, and that it would facilitate Count Casimir's object to have these entertainments. It would be a way of bringing people together, and of selecting emigrants judiciously.

Now, it may appear surprising that such a mere man of business as Lord Lochawe should take so great an interest as he did in these entertainments. The truth is, that he did not delight in festivity when the time for festivity came. He was shy, and awkward, and embarrassed, in receiving people, especially when they were of a class inferior to himself in rank and station; but no man delighted more than he did in the preparations for a grand festival. Here was an opportunity of displaying all that talent for organization which the Earl flattered himself he possessed in a high degree, and which he really did possess in some degree. The Earl delighted to give grand balls at Lochawe House, in London; and it really may be doubted whether any young lady, going for the first time to a ball at Lochawe House, had so much pleasure in going as the

Earl had in preparing to receive her; though when the young lady in question was presented to him, the old Earl would not have one word to say to her, other than the words which he addressed to each young lady indiscriminately, telling her how glad he was to see her, and how well she looked that evening.

There is a great delusion which besets people of different classes, when commenting upon each other's proceedings. The man or woman having comparatively small means, who gives entertainments, thinks that the great people, when they give them, have nothing to do but to order that such entertainments shall be given. But this is a great mistake. Nothing in the shape of a grand entertainment is given without a great deal of trouble and a great deal of previous arrangement. Lord Lochawe was greatly embarrassed on the present occasion by the want of space in all his reception rooms. He could receive two hundred and fifty guests, but thirteen hundred, at least, had been invited. The good Earl was never more embarrassed; and, in the

present instance, his usual friends and allies were wanting to him. Lord Glenant was never worth much on these occasions, except that he could make judicious criticisms on other people's suggestions. The Duchess of Brecon and Lady Alice were also of no great account: and, moreover, at this time, Lady Alice was always walking in the woods with Charley Ashurst. Ruth Sumner had been the Earl's prime minister, or prime ministress, on similar occasions, but now she was out from morning to night amongst the tenantry, having the much more serious occupation of considering whom she should try and induce to emigrate. In these journeys she was generally accompanied by Casimir, and the success which attended their joint endeavours was even greater than Casimir had hoped or expected. To Ruth's influence, as Casimir felt, this success was chiefly due.

The Earl was, therefore, left to Maggie (no, we must call her Miss Bethnal); and, after the first evening of her arrival, in the course of which the Earl laid his difficulties before the assembled company, she became his principal

adviser and coadjutor. It was just the occasion which called forth all Maggie's skill in handicraft. She could climb up a ladder; she could drive a nail; she was adroit with the packing needle; she could even make rough plans of things; she knew how to make workmen work; and, more than all, she was cheerful and resourceful when any difficulty arose. Throughout the day, for the three weeks which preceded the great entertainment, Maggie and Lord Lochawe were to be found together, directing the workmen in putting up the large temporary ball-room which, upon Miss Bethnal's suggestion, Lord Lochawe decided should be built in the courtyard, for the reception of the thirteen hundred guests which were expected on this occasion, Maggie measuring and suggesting, and the Earl approving and believing that he had suggested. Lord Glenant used to follow them in his lounging way, sometimes criticising, but mostly approving. And Mr. Thurston, who abominated what is called "sport," preferred following in the train of Maggie, Lord Lochawe, Lord Glenant, and the

steward, to accompanying the Duke of Brecon, who was an ardent sportsman, and the other guests, in going, as he said, "through wet turnip-fields to shoot at silly birds."

But Maggie's labours did not end here. Lord Lochawe was a very grateful man, and hence he was surrounded by what the world calls bores —chiefly because they care so much for the world. He felt that he had made great use of men who possessed special knowledge, and that he, at any rate, must endure them even if they were tiresome. Consequently, Mr. Elwyn and Mr. Brentwood, and others of the same species, were heartily welcomed as guests at Lochawe House and at Loudenham Castle. Here Maggie was invaluable. All this boredom, to others so tiresome, was new to her. Moreover, she had a deep love for her own people, and knew their sufferings well. When Mr. Elwyn talked to her of drainage in general, and, in particular, of the drainage in that hideous part of London where she had lived, she was intensely interested. When Mr. Brentwood talked to her of what might be

done, in all manner of byeways, for the education of the adult poor, Maggie almost trembled with pleasure, and listened to him in a way in which he had seldom been listened to before. Besides (and I appeal to anyone who has been oppressed by a devouring theory for the greater part of his life), it is a delightful thing to have a beautiful girl looking up to you, and drinking in with eager eyes words such as you have expended upon unwilling audiences, chiefly retained by the button-hole. Maggie even read their books and their pamphlets which they had brought with them—as they always do—getting Mr. Thurston and Miss Ansley, at odd times, to aid her in these studies. Mr. Thurston could not resist aiding her; but he did so with much coldness.

As for Lord Lochawe, he was absolutely fascinated by Maggie; and, with a most unusual deviation from his accustomed formality, and thinking he was imitating Spenser, gave her the name of "The Lady Usefulness."

It might be supposed that Lord Glenant was greatly delighted at all this. But it was not so.

He followed Maggie and his father about very sedulously; but it was with a heavy heart. He had now had some experience as to what real love is like, and he had a strong suspicion that Maggie loved him not. She was very respectful and very grateful to him, and always expressed that respect and gratitude. She did not know all that he had done for her, but she knew that he was a most kind friend, and had a fear that he was a lover. She behaved to him much as she behaved to Count Casimir.

It may here be remarked that Maggie was very anxious that the Earl should not be deceived as to who she was. Her respect, however, for Mr. Thurston kept her silent upon this point, though she used to say, both to him and to Lord Glenant, "Why do you give me this false name, and talk of me as Miss Bethnal instead of as Maggie Lauder? The dear old gentleman would not be less kind to me than he is now; and it is a great shame to let me be here under false colours."

The day of the great entertainment ap-

proached. By the way it was a very rainy day; and, but for Maggie's precautions, the company would have been rendered most uncomfortable by the dripping of the rain through the temporary roof. At the last moment, too, notwithstanding the whitewashing of the tarpaulins, there was found to be a sad deficiency of light in the huge temporary building —a deficiency which Maggie remedied by a suggestion that was made on a similar occasion by a great organizer. She proposed that the carriage lamps should be taken from the carriages of the various guests as they arrived, and should be set up in flower pots filled with sand, and arranged round the daïs in the ball-room. Lord Lochawe followed the execution of this suggestion with great delight.

"A brilliant idea," as he said, of his and Maggie's; and really she had such a way of making her suggestions appear to come from others, that it was no wonder that the Earl was partially deceived, and gave himself more credit than was strictly his due. He had, however, suggested the *sand*.

There was one great folly in the arrangements for the decoration of this building. This folly was solely attributable to the Duchess of Brecon and Lady Alice. Two or three days before the ball, they had devoted themselves to decoration, and they had put up sundry ornaments of gilt paper and coloured muslin which Maggie had, from the first, looked upon with great dislike and apprehension. But Lord Lochawe had said, "My dear, we must humour them: the Duchess is said to have better taste in these matters than anybody in London; and I must say that I think those festoons are very pretty." Maggie was, of course, silenced, though she was not convinced. The only person whom she could get to sympathise with her at all, was Ruth Sumner; and Ruth's mind was so much set upon more serious matters, that her sympathy was of a very feeble and lymphatic character.

Chapter XXXIV.

THE BALL AT LOUDENHAM CASTLE.

THE company began to arrive; and the new building, when lit up with the additional means of light taken from their carriages, presented a splendid appearance. All the people who were staying in the house complimented the Duchess and Lady Alice upon the taste which they had shown in giving the finishing touches to the adornment of the room. The guests as they arrived were welcomed by Lord Lochawe, in his usual nervous, fidgety and embarrassed manner. But never, in reality, was the Earl more assured of success, or more proud of his entertainment.

The company was of the most mixed character. There were all the great people of the county;

there were all the Earl's tenants, and all his servants, foresters, gamekeepers and tacksmen, and there were all the servants of the various London guests.

Scotland and Spain are two countries in which there has been found, by some ingenious persons, great resemblance, — especially in the matter of religious fervour.[1] But there is, at any rate, one thing in which there certainly is a great resemblance between these two countries, and that is, in the beauty, grace, and fervour of their national dances. We tame people in London know nothing of what dancing may be, unless we have seen a reel in Scotland or a *bolero* in Spain.

The dancing, however, began with dances of a more formal character. Lord Glenant and the other members of Lord Lochawe's family, and even Lord Lochawe, in his stately way, did their duty in these dances. Lord Glenant danced languidly, for he reserved his vigour for an

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[1] See Mr. Buckle.

occasion on which he knew it would be wanted.

There is a Scotch dance in which the lady suddenly advancing dances down the room. The object is then for the gentleman who, as it were, aspires to be her partner, to keep close to her and to set to her. It came to Maggie's turn to be this lady. This was what Lord Glenant had been looking out for. But not only Lord Glenant, for he had two most formidable rivals: one was his own little London tiger, a little agile imp of about four feet high, who was renowned for his skill in this dance; and the other was Lord Lochawe's favourite piper, a huge fellow about six feet three inches in height, who every now and then gave a lurch with his shoulder to some dangerous rival, and sent him spinning far away; and meanwhile the little London tiger slipped in and became the lady's partner.

It would seem to any person who had not seen this dance, that it must be a somewhat rude affair; but this is not the case, for there are

certain rules which are never overstepped; and a dance, which you might expect to be somewhat rough and indecorous, is in reality most graceful and most decorous.

On such occasions there is no servility; perhaps there are no occasions on which there is more perfect equality. Lord Glenant did not find any favour from his two most formidable rivals—though they were his own tiger and his father's piper—but had only to rely upon his own skill and daring. At last his time arrived. The piper had displaced the boy, and, when Maggie was turning round at the lower end of the room to come up again to the daïs, Lord Glenant slipped in between the giant and Maggie, and became her partner. He could not help saying to her, in low tones, "At last, dear Maggie, I am your partner." The girl's face was suffused by a blush, but it was a blush in which there was more of sorrow than of pleasure. As I have said before, every girl knows when she is loved, and every girl knows whether she can return that love or not. Poor Maggie felt very guilty. She

thought what infinite honour this young man did her, according to the notions of his and her class, in loving her, knowing, too, who she really was, and from what class she had sprung. Moreover, she felt intuitively that, strange as it might appear to the world, there were not those obstacles to their union which might have been anticipated. She knew she had won the old Earl's heart; and, with that skill in discerning character which belongs to all women, and especially to those who have risen from humble origin, she knew that the old Earl, though proud and, if the truth must be told, somewhat pompous, was a most unworldly man, and would not be able to resist the wishes of Lord Glenant and herself, if only they could wish the same thing. But, at the same time, she felt that she could only love (and she now knew what love was) the man to whom she had given her heart, and this man was that middle-aged gentleman who had not hitherto joined in the dancing, but was regarding the whole scene with a dreamy look of satisfaction which peculiarly suited his expressive countenance.

Suddenly there was a confused noise of many voices; the music stopped; the dancers looked around them, and the ominous word "fire" ran through the whole assemblage.

When Maggie's objections had been overcome, or rather had been silenced, by the unanimous voice of those who had approved of the decorations, which had been so tastefully arranged by the Duchess of Brecon and Lady Alice, one thing only Maggie had insisted upon, and had carried her point, viz., that the two ladders which had been used in decorating should be retained in two corners of the room. Fortunate it was that she had been able to carry this point. She had hardly looked round before she saw Mr. Thurston on one of these ladders tearing down the burning frippery of gilt paper and coloured muslin which had lent so much charm to the decorations. Lord Glenant flew to his assistance. All gave way to the young heir, who at once assumed the command; and, mounted on the other ladder, was doing his best to aid Mr. Thurston. Between them, and the huge piper

and the young tiger, who had scrambled upon his master's shoulders, and whom Lord Glenant held up with one hand, while with the other he continued plucking down the burning muslin, the flames were extinguished and the room was saved. The whole affair had not lasted more than six minutes, but the injuries which all four received were very considerable.

Maggie (we cannot call her Miss Bethnal any longer) disappeared from the scene. In a few minutes, and while they were calling for doctors and crowding round the sufferers, she re-appeared with what was necessary for the proper treatment of the sufferers. She had been accustomed to treat injuries of a similar character. None are such sufferers as the poor from accidents of this kind, as the records of the London hospitals tell us. Maggie came in with servants bringing flour, and wadding, and butter and oil, and other things which her experience told her were requisite.

But to whom did she come first? To the one who was most dear to her—to Mr. Thurston.

And after him her attentions were given to the little boy.

In the midst of all his pain Lord Glenant had watched Maggie's proceedings. He felt hurt at her going first to Mr. Thurston; he forgave that, however. But, when she turned to the child and took him upon her knees, and herself dressed his wounds, Lord Glenant felt the tears come very near his eyes, though he himself would have had the boy attended to first.

At last she came to him. "Dear Lord Glenant," she said, "I hope you are not much hurt."

"Ah, Maggie, Maggie," he replied, "I am the third, only the third that you come to."

"All here," she whispered, "love you and care for you, but the child has only his mother, and she is far away."

Though she made this good excuse, she blushed guiltily, for she felt that though Lord Glenant had been one of her best, and her earliest benefactors, it was not her first thought, or her second thought, that had been for him.

"Noblesse oblige," is a grand maxim, and not less true than grand. There was not a person of high rank in that crowd who had not behaved well, and with sufficient coolness, upon this trying occasion. The two principal sufferers, Lord Glenant and Mr. Thurston, behaved the best of all; and, though suffering severe pain from the injuries they received, insisted upon remaining in the ball-room, protesting that they were but slightly hurt, and that they were not going to be sent to bed like little children who had met with some trifling accident.

The music, at Lord Lochawe's orders, struck up again; the dancing recommenced, and the joviality of the evening was rather enhanced than discouraged by this untoward accident. Lord Lochawe, for the remainder of the evening, hardly quitted his son's side, ministering to his wants with his own hands, but not diminishing the mental pain which the young Viscount felt, by pouring into his ears praise of Miss Bethnal's foresight and sagacity, and declaring that, without that foresight of hers, the untoward occurrence would have had most awful consequences.

Lord Glenant, who was swathed up in linen bandages and cotton wadding, and who, as he said himself, presented the appearance of "a cheerful mummy," made many good jokes about that appearance to his various friends, who, from the highest to the humblest, came up, from time to time, to inquire how he felt, and to condole with him.

The Earl, who knew, or conjectured, how much his son was suffering, and who yet felt how he was behaving as a true Lochawe, in making light of pain, and not damping the mirth of the company on this great occasion, felt very proud of his son. He felt very sorrowful too, though he did not understand what his son meant, when, with his muffled hand he grasped his father's arm; and, the old Earl bending over him, said to his father, "The Lochawes, my dearest father, have never been supremely fortunate in love, have they?" The old Earl had not an idea at first what his son meant; but feeling compelled to tell the truth, he whispered to his son, and said, "No, my dear,

they have not; but they have always been dignified and great, whatever misfortune may have befallen them." Then, in the recesses of Lord Lochawe's heart, there came a gleam of pleasure and satisfaction which he was much ashamed of, and thought very cruel, for he could not help conjecturing, and rejoicing in the conjecture, that his son's love for some obscure person (little he dreamt who that person was) was not destined to be fortunate. But his pity overcame that feeling, and he grasped his son's hand with a pressure that gave the young man exquisite pain, while he said to him, "Never mind, my dear boy, we can bear all things. I have borne it for a lifetime."

If he had any doubt before, Lord Glenant now knew without a doubt, that he was not loved by Maggie. He looked round for her. She was no longer one of the dancers, but was sitting on a footstool by Mr. Thurston's side, and was devoting herself to changing, from time to time, the bandages around his hands and arms. Occasionally she came to Lord Glenant, who

accepted her good offices, whether he wanted them or not, for it was a pleasure to him to be touched by Maggie, though he knew the kindly touch was only that of a doctress, and not of a loving woman.

Chapter XXXV.

UNEXPECTED EMIGRANTS.

AS might have been expected, Lord Glenant and Mr. Thurston suffered a great deal from the injuries they had received at the fire; and all the more because they had so bravely maintained their places at the ball, and had made light of the pain which they had then suffered. They both were obliged to remain in bed for several days; and, during that time, Lord Glenant had much opportunity for serious reflection.

The soliloquies which we hear upon the stage are not unnatural things. There are some men who do talk to themselves, and very connectedly. Lord Glenant was one of these; and his talking to himself was much as follows:—

"I thought I knew something about women; but I see now that I did not. I have been idiot enough to fall in love with two women, one after the other, the merits of whose characters are exactly such as to make them blind to the merits, if any, of my character. I see that there is a large class of women, and that among the very best of women, who are condemned to admire *un homme serieux*. What a good expression that is in the French, and how untranslatable!

"Over these deluded women *un homme serieux*, whatever his age, whatever his good looks or the want of them, whatever his circumstances, exercises an irresistible fascination. The Grand Duchess (this was the nickname for the Duchess of Brecon in her family) was not so far wrong, and I wish I had not been so rude to her, when she foresaw the possibility of our having a stepmother. I say possibility, for nothing is more improbable, at least on my father's part. But I do believe, that if we three were cast upon a desert island, Maggie and the Earl and I, Mag-

gie would prefer the Earl to me; because he would be such a serious Robinson Crusoe, and would build and plant and waylay turtles in such a business-like manner; whereas I should be perpetrating my foolish jokes, even if I did a great deal of hard work.

"Henceforward, I will be *un homme serieux.*

"It is very hard, by the way, that Maggie never gives me any credit for my work as private secretary to my father. By Jove! but I do believe that old Tubular Drainage, or that fellow who is so anxious to teach elderly peasants their A B and C, would have a much better chance with Maggie than I should. I say again, henceforward I will be *un hòmme serieux.*

"What a capital subject for a farce it would be. A young scamp, like myself, being obliged to play the part of a serious man in order to have any chance with his lady love, and his occasional outbursts into levity, after having done his drainage, or his vaccination, or his education, or his politics, for a time with consum-

mate acting. I fear I should break out sometimes; for Nature, though forked out ever so diligently, has a horrid way of coming back again; in fact, Nature is a watery kind of creature, and you can't well use the fork to her. But I will try! I will try! as the Frenchman said, when he was asked whether he thought he could catch the fox.

"The first thing is to read a great many pamphlets. I have observed that serious men are always digesting pamphlets.

"It is a shame, though, to make fun of them, for I suppose the world wants them very much, and could not get on without them; and, though they bore us a little sometimes, we must recollect that no great thing is accomplished in this hard impassive world without a great deal of boring. I shall become a bore myself; but what to bore upon is the question. Ha, Casimir, is it you? I have been thinking very deeply about emigration, my dear fellow, and before you go, I shall have a pamphlet ready for you on the subject. The women will be diffi-

cult for you to manage. My pamphlet, I think, will chiefly turn upon the art of managing them."

Here we must leave Lord Glenant and Count Casimir to finish their conversation thus begun.

I have only to add, that Count Casimir gained two emigrants whom he had never expected to join in his enterprise. These were Lord Glenant and Maggie Lauder. It happened in this way. Maggie, who suffered much from Mr. Thurston's coldness, and who now knew clearly what was the state of her own heart, and upon whom her affections were set, thought that she could not do better than join the party of emigration. Perhaps there was some pique in her determination to make the offer; and that pique was not diminished when she found that Mr. Thurston pressed them to accept her offer, and it was accepted.

Lord Glenant, finding that Maggie was going, suddenly became anxious to follow Casimir, and to conduct the Lochawe tenants and labourers, himself, to the new colony. Who, as he said, would be so fitted to conduct and guide, and

keep them in order, as his father's son? Lord Lochawe was at first horrified at this proposition; but, finding that Lord Glenant's heart was set upon the project, and that everybody, even including the learned and judicious Thurston, approved of Glenant's proposal—finally, as usual, gave way. Though he did not say anything to anybody about this, he had a source of much comfort in his mind. He bethought him what an authority in all emigration matters his son would become, in the House of Commons, when he returned; and he stipulated that that return should take place within a year's time.

Lord Glenant willingly assented to this. Indeed, he was somewhat ashamed of leaving his father, when so many were leaving him, too; but he resolved that in that time he would win Maggie, if she was to be won by him, which he now much doubted, but which he knew would be a great delight to his father. Indeed, the old Earl had more than once thrown out hints of this, saying, in a somewhat mysterious and official way, that there were persons who

were suitable to other persons, if only those other persons had the good sense to see this; but the young men of the present day were very headstrong, and indeed quite incomprehensible to him, the Earl.

To speak the plain truth, nothing would have delighted him more than to find Lord Glenant appreciate as fully as he, the Earl, did the many merits and surpassingly good qualities of Miss Bethnal. The Earl even thought that, if she had stayed at home, she might have succeeded Ruth Sumner as the feminine private secretary to his lordship.

Chapter XXXVI.

CASIMIR'S ILL-SUCCESS IN LOVE.

WHAT a passionate love we all have for novelty! I remember, when I was a child, that another child (I am afraid it was not a girl) used to say, "Give me something pretty, give me something new." And the child always dwelt less upon the *pretty* than upon the *new*. In fact, custom and novelty divide the world between them. Goëthe says somewhere (Goëthe, who always goes down into the depths of things) that we take, as it were, a new lease of life, when we commence any new epoch in our lives. If we have a new office, a new career, a change of country, we grandly ignore the past. New religions demand new

eras to date from; and the Caliph Omar, a savage in most respects, was a statesman when he instituted the Hegira, and determined that the day of Mahomet's flight from Mecca to Medina was the date from which all good Mahometans should thenceforth reckon the course of time.

Even disaster is sometimes robbed of half its bitterness by the novelty which accompanies it.

Every one of the actors whom we have brought upon the stage in this tale felt what I have just been describing. Casimir's great enterprise gave new zest in life to all of them. Even dear old Lord Lochawe felt this zest most keenly. Neglecting, to the astonishment of his colleagues, his own work, and ceasing, much to their delight, to interfere with theirs, he devoted all his time to researches connected with emigration. He began these researches before leaving town, and while at Loudenham, devoted all the leisure that he had there to completing these researches. He routed up all the notes that he had made in former days on this subject.

He undertook the task of forming a library which Casimir was to carry out with him. To contemplate the amount of dulness which this collection of books contained, would be something which would appal ordinary men. But more than this, Lord Lochawe busied himself in writing what he called "An Emigrant Chief's Manual;" but which Lord Glenant, whose sense of the ludicrous was not rendered extinct by the depression of spirits under which he now laboured from Maggie's indifference to him, was wont to call "Dr. Watts amongst the Savages," or "Hannah More in the Bush."

No people enjoy novelty more than young girls, who for the most part have somewhat of a monotonous life. Even Lady Alice thought less about Charlie Ashurst and the future that was in store for her; and, as for Ruth, her one thought, day and night, was what she could do to contribute to the success of Casimir's enterprise, and to make it safer and easier for him.

Ruth chiefly gave her mind to the choice of

the young peasant women who were to accompany the emigrants, and to making arrangements for them. She knew full well how much of the success of the undertaking depended upon the women who would be connected with it. She was not one of those very foolish virgins who dream the anti-utopian dream that life is to be made more felicitous by making women equal to men. She knew that men had the bigger brain, the stronger arm, the larger mind, and the soul more open to justice. Not the less, on that account, did she think that the career for women was not substantially inferior to that for men. Had it been her good fortune (and she longed that it had been) to accompany this band of emigrants as Casimir's wife, what noble work would have fallen to her lot—to soothe, console, and, sometimes, to direct by loving counsel, the husband of her fond imagination. She pictured him coming home at evening-time to his sorry hut, wearied and depressed by all the difficulties and jealousies that beset the founding of a new colony, and thought how she might, on such

occasions, which would be sure to happen, administer that sweet soothing and encouragement which only a woman can give to a man under these depressing circumstances.

The members of Lord Lochawe's household were all so busy now, busy in their different ways, that they had not much time for long conversations with each other. It was a great source of amusement to the rest of them, that Lord Lochawe and the Herr Professor had taken so much to one another, and were deeply engaged in concocting together what that wicked Lord Glenant called "Hannah More in the Bush." In this great work were to be enunciated all the imposing doctrines of official reform, which Lord Lochawe had in vain endeavoured to impress upon his colleagues and upon the public in this hemisphere, and which, as regards the Professor, had nearly caused, and would have caused, if it had not been for Ruth, his being sent to philosophize in Siberia.

Casimir, as the head of the enterprise, had a large correspondence to conduct with the various

persons who were aiding him in their several ways.

One day, after coming from Lord Lochawe's study, where he had received a lecture, to which he listened with becoming patience, as to the formation of a sort of privy council, with the aid of which he was to direct the affairs of the colony, he went into Lady Alice's boudoir, to have some discourse with Ruth as to the arrangements for the female emigrants.

It wanted now but about five weeks to the time when the emigrants were to embark.

Ruth, not even when she was in Russia, and was directing their flight through that country, was more clear, decisive, and business-like than she was now. Casimir felt the tenderest admiration for her. He had given up all hope of winning her for himself; but he could not help thinking that so noble a person ought to have a part in an enterprise which he, with all the faith of an enthusiast, had brought himself to believe was one of the noblest in the world.

"Why should you not come with us, Ruth?"

he exclaimed. "All would go right if you were to come with us." Ruth was not given to blushing, and even when she did blush, hers was one of those complexions in which blushing was but little perceived. But she did blush now; and the blush was occasioned by a mingled feeling of shame and vexation.

She thought to herself, if he had but said, "Why should you not come with *me*." Then she felt ashamed at the thought, knowing how gladly she would have answered in the affirmative. As it was, she coldly replied, "Oh, I should only be an encumbrance."

"No," said Casimir, "it would be the greatest blessing and comfort to us all." "Us all?" If he had but said "*to me*."

But Casimir this day did nothing but make blunders, egregious blunders. "My father," he said, "will miss you so much."

At each sentence of Casimir's, Ruth became more and more indignant. He saw the indignation rising in her expressive countenance; and getting further and further into error, added,

"I know, of course, that a brilliant career in England awaits you. You will doubtless be the head of a great household, and the Lady Bountiful, not of the parish only, but of the county; still you might give us poor emigrants the benefit of your aid and advice, if only for a short time. It is not an enterprise unworthy of you, and you could be back in nine months. You could return when Glenant does."

Now a notion that Ruth had got into her head was, that she was a very plain girl. Then, too, she thought that all men were charmed and subdued by beauty in women; and she looked upon Count Casimir's allusion to her possibly making what is called a brilliant marriage, as almost an insult on his part. Besides, to tell the truth, there was in her mind a renewed jealousy of Maggie, and a belief that Maggie followed Casimir, and that Casimir endured this following, from there being a good understanding between them that they were to be married in the new colony.

"I thank you, Count Casimir," Ruth replied,

"for your wish that I should take a part in this emigration scheme of yours. I have no doubt it would redound to the renown of any one who should partake it; but permit me to say, without any reference to the 'brilliant career' which you have imagined for me, I must be allowed to decline your kind offer."

After this there was very little conversation for several days between Casimir and Ruth; and, when they did speak to one another in the presence of others, it was in a very formal manner, addressing one another as Count Casimir and Miss Sumner.

Shortly after the ball at Loudenham Castle, the whole party returned to London.

Chapter XXXVII.

EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE FIRST.

EVER since Count Maremma's rescue everything had gone well, up to this time, with his son, Count Casimir. Both in London and in the country, his preparations for emigration had been most hopefully conducted. But, on his return from Loudenham Castle, his fortunes seemed to have taken another and quite a different turn. He found discord and difficulty where he had left accord and facility. He was overwhelmed by unwelcome letters, and by demands for interviews, which were only to give vent to complaints and grievances.

A few days after his return he was at Lochawe House; and he could not help disclosing

some of his troubles to his friends and coadjutors there. His practical men, he said, the engineers, doctors, first-class artisans, were all wanting something or other that could not be done, and were ingeniously inventing difficulties.

Poor Casimir! he had yet to learn what a terrible part temper plays in the most serious business of the world. And yet, not exactly "temper," but the desire for eminence.

Ask any great statesman or commander, and he will tell you that the work to be done is easy enough: the main trouble is with the tempers, dignities, vanities, and susceptibilities of the people who have to do it. This is chiefly the fault of our system of education. We say to the child, "Be first: whatever you do, take care to get precedence from your way of doing it;" and then, having implanted in the child a morbid desire for pre-eminence, we wonder that it acts so tiresomely in the grown-up man, and that he will never be contented with being, as they say at college, "a good second." There will be no great improvement in the world until this dis-

content, fostered by too ardent competition, is somewhat abated.

Casimir was not yet versed enough in the ways of the world to philosophize in the foregoing fashion; and he felt most keenly the unreasonableness he had to deal with on all sides. For the first time, perhaps, he fully realized the difficulty of the enterprise he had undertaken. Not that he was really daunted, not that the faintest idea of abandoning his work entered his mind. Men of Count Casimir's stamp are sure to go through with what they have once undertaken. But, still, he was, for the moment, profoundly discouraged; it always being a very serious time of trouble for a young man, when he finds out fully that human beings are very difficult creatures to act with, or to manage.

The young Count leant his head upon his hands at a table covered with papers; and notwithstanding his boast of being as hardy in mind as an Englishman, tears of vexation were very near his eyes. The tears of foreigners are nearer to their eyes than our tears are to ours.

"Just look at the absurdity of it," he exclaimed; "every one of these men wants to be first. Each of the clergymen wants to be a bishop; each of the young doctors a medical director; and every one of the principal laymen wishes to be the first in a council.

"Wise old John, too, sent a message to me, to say that there was a 'mort of trouble' down there, and that I must come to him as soon as I could. I have not been able to go yet."

"And what shall you do first, Count Casimir?" said Ruth, who, together with Maggie and Lord Glenant, was in the room when Casimir indulged in this detail of his troubles.

"Why, I shall try the engineers, and the other men of business first," replied the Count: "they are the pith and marrow of the undertaking."

"My dear Casimir," said Lord Glenant, "take me with you to see these fellows. I am a foolish, frivolous sort of person, I know; but there is, deep down, a mine of wisdom in me. Of the nature and value of the hidden treasures in this

mine, you may judge when I tell you that I could declare, upon oath, if it were necessary, that I have never been astonished at the development of any amount of folly in any human being. In my epitaph, let it be said, 'Here lies Lord Glenant, as foolish a fellow as ever was'" (here he stole a glance at Maggie, who looked the other way), "'but who never expected anybody else to be less foolish.'"

Then he went to Casimir, put his hand affectionately upon the other's arm, and said, "Seriously, Casimir, take me with you to-morrow: I shall do you a world of good in making you laugh, if such a sober-minded fellow can be made to laugh, as we go from one interview to another."

Casimir consented. Ruth and Maggie said nothing; but each of them determined to take some part of the work into their own hands—and afterwards they arranged not to tell Casimir beforehand of their intention, but to call upon him the following evening about seven o'clock, if they were successful.

The next day, Lord Glenant and Casimir made their rounds—with considerable success; for Lord Glenant, from his nature supplementing that of Casimir, was a peculiarly valuable ally to the young Count; and, besides, the presence and earnest advocacy of Lord Lochawe's son added much weight to whatever arguments were used.

Casimir sat alone in his lodgings that evening, not so discouraged as he had been on the preceding day, but still very wearied, and not in a very happy frame of mind, when he was told that a young lady had called and wished to see him in Mrs. Reddington's parlour.

He went down to see this young lady, expecting to find some young woman who had been chosen by "wise old John" as an emigrant, but who, of course, would have some especial grievance which he must listen to patiently, and soothe or remove. He sighed wearily as he went down stairs. A droll thought, however, crossed his mind as he descended. I hope "wise old John" has not been kissing her: really he is so

altered, and has become so youthful, that I should not wonder. And the women will like him, I suppose, even if they complain of his gallantry. Some men seem to have been born under a lucky star, as regards all their dealings with that perverse portion of the human race."

It will be seen that Casimir had not recovered from the bitterness of feeling which Ruth's rejection had brought into his soul.

Before describing the interview between the young lady and Casimir, I must narrate what Ruth and Maggie had been engaged upon during the day. Ruth had betaken herself to the clergy. She thought that she could do more with them than with any other of the various classes with whom Casimir had to deal. She had some acquaintance with them, as they had all dined at Lord Lochawe's, and had discussed there the principal affairs which concerned them in the proposed enterprise.

Maggie, on the other hand, naturally betook herself to her own people, in that miserable quarter of the town which has so often been de-

scribed in these pages; for she felt sure that if she could do any good, it would be there. She went first to old John, and was welcomed by him in these words: "I'm main glad to see you, Miss Maggie. Drat the women, I say; drat 'em; they're all so hasty."

"Well, Mr. John, but I'm a woman; so you must not be so hard upon them while I'm with you. And are all the men so reasonable?"

"Drat the men too," said old John very peevishly; "they're very like women when they're at their worst, and they allus follow arter 'em when there's mischief."

We need not pursue this conversation between old John and Maggie, which was conducted in the foregoing manner, and with all the slowness which old John thought to be the surest sign of wisdom.

At last Maggie made out what had been the main cause of the disturbance which had arisen, and which all wise Old John's wisdom had not been able yet to quell.

It was this: There was a certain Mrs. Moyler,

one of those peevish, discontented mortals who are to be found in every small community, and who, by ill-natured sayings, judiciously administered, always contrive to have some weight. Everybody, who knows anything of the world, knows that there is not a surer element of power than the art of saying unpleasant things, and making oneself eminently disagreeable. Mrs. Moyler was a proficient in that art.

Now, there was a Mrs. Howard, who had been chosen by Casimir, at the instance of Old John, to be a sort of matron to some of the young women and orphan children who were going out with the other emigrants. She was a good, motherly creature, well fitted for the place. It need hardly be said that Mrs. Moyler hated her and envied her. Besides, Mrs. Moyler hated the whole of this emigration scheme. It took away victims from her. How should she be able to know enough, at any rate for a time, of the private history of new people, and therefore be able to say the most disagreeable things to them? She felt as if she was being defrauded of her

property; and no words were too bad for her to use towards "the Frenchman's white slaves," as she called Casimir's proposed colonists.

She was so sorry, she said, that poor Mrs. Howard, who was not a bad sort of body, should have demeaned herself to look after "a sylum of idiots and hussies."

These ill-natured sayings were, of course, passed on to Mrs. Howard, who was a sensitive woman, rather above her position in that neighbourhood, having, before she married, been in service in a clergyman's family. At last she was persuaded that she was doing something very wrong in undertaking this matronship, and came to Old John to tell him that she could not look after these girls and children any longer.

Not George III., when Lord Chatham would resign, was more chagrined, and more indignant with his minister, than Old John was with his. He forgot (as philosophers, in practice, will) his own favourite maxim, and was anything but "not hasty." But this was not all, Mrs. Moyler's sayings had taken effect in other quarters, and,

for the moment, there was a feeling of doubt and dissatisfaction throughout the whole neighbourhood. Many of them began to think that *they* had been too hasty.

Maggie had no sooner learnt all this than she set to work, in her most vigorous fashion, to counteract the evil. To say how many old women Maggie threw her arms round, how many little children she kissed, and how many judicious gifts she distributed, may hardly be told. By the way, the money which furnished these gifts was a source of sore trouble and heart-burning to poor Maggie. She received a small allowance from Mr. Thurston; and it is not a pleasant thing for a girl to receive an allowance from a man whom she loves devotedly, and who is cold to her. But she thought it her duty to receive it, and was very glad to have an opportunity of spending some of it for the common good.

But, to return to Maggie's doings on this memorable day. She did not fear to carry the war into the heart of the enemy's country. She attacked the formidable Mrs. Moyler, and did

not hesitate to tell that lady, in the presence of sundry witnesses, and with all that strength of language, which, according to the good old Earl, she had learnt from men of letters, that she, Mrs. Moyler, was a bad, envious, mischief-making woman, with a bitter tongue, as they all knew, and no real sense to guide it. It was in vain that Mrs. Moyler sneered at fine young ladies who had come out of the gutter, and whose fine clothes (Maggie was very plainly dressed) came from heaven knows whom, and for heaven knows what; notwithstanding these dreadful sayings, Maggie came off with flying colours; and, to maintain our military metaphor, was triumphant all along the line.

With good Mrs. Howard, Maggie changed her tactics, and relied only on what gentleness and persuasiveness could do. And here she manifested a trait of such boldness and originality of character, as showed at once what an extraordinary girl she was. "We all know," she said, "what Mrs. Moyler meant by talking about 'hussies.' You remember my mother, Mrs.

Howard. Well, was she not nice? was she not kind and good? did not you all love her? I've heard you say so many times."

"Yes, dear, indeed we did."

"Well, what was she? I'm not ashamed, because she was deceived. I love her the more now that I know how she must have suffered, and yet how good she was."

I suppose there is not one person in ten thousand that would have ventured to make this allusion, and would have made it so skilfully, so delicately, and so tenderly.

Maggie's labours lasted for more than eight hours, for she would see everybody. In one house she dined with the family—which had a great effect; and many of her old friends, especially the boys, came to see "Miss Maggie" there.

Her final triumph was in taking Mrs. Howard to "wise old John's" room, to express her penitence, and withdraw her resignation. To anybody with a keen sense of the ludicrous—but Maggie was, by this time, too tired to appre-

ciate the comedy of the thing—it would have been a great treat to have seen old John receive his repentant satellite. It was with a complete but yet dignified forgiveness. At the same time there was sorrow that there should have been occasion for anything to be forgiven. Very few people, but the most daring, would have liked to be in Mrs. Howard's shoes, when she sat down in old John's only chair, which, with great politeness, he insisted upon her taking, while, standing in front of her, and slowly rubbing his hands, he awaited her explanation. However, thanks to Maggie's assistance, the interview went off well; and Mrs. Howard was reinstated in old John's favour, and received again the seals of office, in the shape of a key to an old chest of drawers, in which were kept the clothes that were being made for the young emigrants.

After all, though giving all due credit to Ruth and Maggie for their exertions this day, it must be owned that women have a great advantage over men in a certain splendid un-

scrupulousness and absence of shame in the arguments and inducements they use to gain any end they are determined upon gaining. Now, Maggie took care to bring gifts. Nor did the more high-minded and fastidious Miss Ruth hesitate to hold out hopes and almost promises of what her cousin the Earl would or might do, if, after all, the enterprise should prove a failure. Casimir would have thought this a sort of bribery, and would have shrunk, with aversion, from anything of the kind.

Moreover, the girls did not scruple to point out how ill and worn he seemed, what a wreck he was when compared with his former self; and Maggie did not hesitate to intimate who those were who had made him this wreck, and how good and dutiful they ought to be to him, and how fond of him, if on that account only.

Now the Count would have died—nay, more, would almost have abandoned his enterprise—rather than have exposed, as it were, his wounds for public pity. Neither would Glenant have done this for his friend; but a woman could

do it gracefully, and almost with unconsciousness of there being any derogation in the thing. They are so much more practical than we are.

And now, after narrating some of the proceedings of Ruth and Maggie during this day, we must return to Casimir's lodgings, where this young lady was waiting to see him. As he entered the parlour, he had the unexpected pleasure of seeing that it was Ruth who had come to visit him.

"Dear Ruth, I am so glad to see you," he exclaimed; "we have had a hard day's work, but not altogether unsuccessful. Glenant is wonderful with these men of business. He seems always to be in the right key with them. They take to him."

"Well, Casimir, I have good news too. Was it not Queen Elizabeth, of whom I never knew whether we women should be proud or ashamed. who told some bishop that, "By God, she would unfrock him?" I'm greater than the queen, for I have persuaded our bishops that would be, to say that they do not wish for episcopal vest-

ments. But seriously, there is to be no question of precedence or authority. It was all a mistake. You men, my dear Count, make everything so precise, and so hard and so rough; whereas we women glide over difficulties. Nothing could be nicer than what they all said at last, and agreed to."

The young Count thought to himself what a regularly feminine word that word "nice" is, which may mean so much, and may mean so little; but he did not give utterance to this thought, and merely replied, somewhat sarcastically—

"Priests and women, I suppose, understand each other better than priests and other men; or other men and women."

Ruth coloured up, partly with anger, and said, "That's not a very gracious speech, Count Casimir."

He hastened to apologise. "No, Miss Sumner, indeed it is not. I beg a thousand pardons. You little know how deeply I feel how much I am indebted to your kindness for setting this tire-

some matter straight. I dare say at last we shall get everything else straight; and then we shall have to go."

He uttered the last words in a tone of regret; and waited, hoping that Ruth, too, would say something which implied regret; but she remained silent.

"I think," he resumed, "the Earl will miss us sadly. I feel ashamed at taking away Glenant—and Maggie, too, whom the Earl has taken to so kindly."

"I think, perhaps, Miss Lauder will be of more comfort to some, or at least to one, of the emigrants, than she would be even to my cousin."

"What *do* you mean, Miss Sumner? Maggie is one of the sweetest girls in the world—and one of the cleverest; but—"

Here the door opened, and another young lady was admitted, being no other than Maggie herself, who had come to give a report of her successes.

It seemed to be fated that Maggie should

come to those lodgings at the most inopportune and unfortunate times for Count Casimir. As happened on the former occasion, he did not fail to welcome Maggie cordially, though he said to himself, "I do believe I might have brought Ruth to think more kindly of me, if she had remained alone with me, and we had had more talk. It was too presumptuous, but I almost fancied there was a little touch of jealousy at the mention of Maggie's name. But then it might have been Glenant that Ruth was thinking of. Anyhow, it is most unfortunate."

The conversation became general. The girls related their adventures; and after Maggie had received due praise from Casimir for all her skill and courage (he knew Mrs. Moyler, and had a proper dread of her), Ruth and Maggie went away together, leaving Casimir to his reflections, which were not altogether roseate, though the day had been a day of manifold success as regards the main project, but not the dearest one, of his life.

Chapter XXXVIII.

LOVERS SEEN FROM A BALCONY.

RUTH was very miserable, but not the less did she labour at her appointed work, and strive in every way to promote the success of her lover's enterprise. One of the things that, woman-like, she was most anxious about, was his health. Casimir was no longer the strong, healthy young man that he had been when he first came to England. Ruth was convinced that without the supervision of a loving woman, indeed, if the truth must be told, without her own supervision, he would probably die of some dreadful fever in the country to which he was going. How willingly would she have gone with him as

a servant, if it might have been so. Ruth endured a martyrdom in thinking over these things. How well has a poetess, a girl like herself, expressed all that Ruth endured,—

> For the mark of rank, in nature, is capacity for pain;
> And the anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of the strain.

Ruth's anguish, however, was not expressed in poetry, but in hard practical work of the most prosaic description. And never was her work better done. But this is often the case; and many a worker may say with Schubert, "The work done in my most miserable moments was the work that pleased the public most."

She was now preparing a medicine-chest, fitted with the medicines most suitable for the climate to which the emigrants were going. She had taken that good physician, Dr. Watson, into her councils, and had made him write a long and careful description of what was to be done in case of any of the emigrants being attacked by any of the diseases peculiar to the country to which they were going. It is need-

less to say who of the emigrants was most in Ruth's thoughts.

Casimir found her, a day or two before the day of his proposed departure, packing up this said medicine-chest.

Casimir praised the neatness of her packing. Ruth said, "There is one thing, Count Casimir, that I wish you to promise me. I have always intended to ask you to make this promise, and I am glad to have an opportunity now of doing so. I have done the best, as you know, in my little way, to aid you and your people in this enterprise; and you must now attend to what I say. If any of you are ill,—if you yourself should be, for instance,—you must promise me to look at once at the instructions which our good doctor has set down for your guidance. Here they are at the top of the box, you see; and not a moment must be lost in looking at them and obeying them, if any occasion should arise."

"It would not," said Casimir, "so much matter for me,—I mean it would not so much

matter if anything were to happen to me,—if it should happen after the colony had been well started, and had taken something like form." This of course he said, as the way of men is, to try her, and see what she would say.

Ruth took it seriously. "Without you what would become of the whole enterprise? you are the life and soul of it."

"Some better and stronger person would be found," said Casimir. "There is always such a one amongst two or three hundred persons."

"Not such a one as you."

"Do you really think so, Ruth? I hardly thought you had such a favourable opinion of me."

"As a leader, yes," said Ruth.

"And only as a leader?" asked Casimir, somewhat mournfully. And then the young man advanced a step nearer to Ruth and took her hand, saying, at the same time, "Yours, I am afraid, Ruth, is only, as Lord Lochawe would say, a good opinion of me, speaking officially; but his is very different, for I should wrong the dear

old man sadly, if I were to say that he has only an official liking for me. Would that I could think the same of some one else, whose good opinion, shall I say whose affectionate regard, I would die to have." Here he took her hand in his and held it.

A great philosopher has written a treatise to illustrate the merits and wonders of the human hand. I do not remember, however, any chapter in which he mentions that more love has been expressed, at any rate in the early stages of love-making, by the hand than by the eye or the voice. Why, even that low order of reptiles, called tortoises, understand the human hand, and put out their timid heads fearlessly when the hand which they can trust handles them.

Ruth did not withdraw her hand rapidly from Casimir's; but neither would she return the slight but anxiously fond pressure which she felt. It was with a soft, lingering, sliding movement that at length she withdrew her hand from his. She thought, poor girl, that it was the last time that her hand would ever linger in his.

The thought of his death in a distant country, amidst *savages*, for so she was pleased to designate in her mind the intelligent Indians amidst whom Casimir was to have his future home, came vividly before her; but even at this trying moment she did not fail to maintain her maidenly reserve. She drew back a little; and stood, as it were, a picture of irresolution. Great painters have seized upon many felicitous subjects for the display of their grand art; but I do not remember any picture of surpassing excellence which portrays that phase of love where the maiden stands irresolute, letting, "I *must* not, wait upon I would."

Ruth, for want of something better to do, and impatient of remaining in that attitude which I have just described, moved towards the window, and stepped out upon the balcony. Casimir silently followed her.

Generally in every small country town there is some sequestered place which enjoys the appellation of "Love Lane," or "The Lovers' Walk." Such spots are rare in many-peopled

London, but at the rear of Lochawe House there was a secluded place which might well have been called "Love Lane," or "The Lovers' Walk." It was a wide open space bounded, as geographers would say, by Lochawe House to the north, by the high walls of another mansion to the south and east, and having to the west only a small outlet, partly fenced off with iron railings, which led to the busier portions of the town.

At the moment when Ruth looked out, and while Casimir, standing behind her, looked over her shoulder, there was a pair of lovers who had availed themselves of the Lochawe Passage, for so it was called, to have a serious conversation. They seemed to know the place; doubtless they had been there many times before; but this was a most important evening for them, as for those other lovers in the balcony above them.

It was that dusky time of twilight, so welcome to lovers. He, I mean the lover in the street, was evidently pleading his cause most ardently. It was evident, too, that the young lady was not yet quite won.

There was animated conversation between them: then they walked up and down together. Then they came to a standstill; and both were silent, while they looked up at the red, nascent moon. He glanced round somewhat fearfully; but he saw that the passage was empty, and he did not notice the presence in the balcony of Ruth and Casimir.

Meanwhile, these two looked on curiously and anxiously, forgetting themselves for the moment, or rather looking on as Hamlet and his mother, and the King of Denmark, might have looked on at the play within the play, that told so much of their own story. It is perhaps wrong to betray the feelings of our heroine, but she did feel a little impatient that the young man, the one in the passage, did not bring matters more rapidly to a conclusion. Ruth also felt a little ashamed at looking on, and experienced the shame of a listener who is compelled by some overpowering motive to listen, though feeling all the time the wrongfulness of so doing.

She had not to wait long. The young man

bent down to the girl; and whispered something in her ear, at the same time putting his arm round her waist. She gently removed his arm, but it came round her again as if it had been an inanimate thing, which must move by some inevitable impulse in that direction. And the second time she did not attempt to remove it. There was then a kiss. They walked up and down together once or twice. Then, as they parted, they embraced again, and at once left the avenue.

"How happy they must be," said Casimir softly to Ruth; and, so saying, he put his arm round her waist as the other had done. She merely said, "I suppose we are to play out the play as those two have just played it. It certainly was a pretty scene." Then she removed his hand exactly as the girl in the avenue had done with her lover's; Casimir's arm came round Ruth's waist, in just the same manner as his prototype's; and, in short, the whole scene was re-enacted in the balcony (or rather in the room, for they had retired from the balcony) just

as it had been acted in the avenue beneath them.

They both burst out laughing. There was something so comical in the whole affair; but Casimir, amidst his laughter, took care to keep Ruth very close to him. "Do you think, dear Ruth," he said, "if he had asked her to go with him to a distant country, and share his fate as a poor colonist, she would have consented?"

"I think she would," said Ruth, falteringly, "if—"

"If what, Ruth? If what?"

"If she loved him as much—"

"As much, dear Ruth?—"

"As much as I do you, my own dear Casimir."

What need is there to prolong this scene, or to say more than that the departure of the colonists was postponed for a few days, and that Casimir and Ruth went out as husband and wife to their new colony?

What befel them there, and what befel Lord Glenant, Maggie, and the other personages who

have figured in this story may, or may not, be told in a future tale, which should describe the fortunes, good or ill, of the colonists who accompanied Count Casimir Maremma in this, the great enterprise of his life.

CONVERSATION AFTER THE STORY.

WHEN the prisoner at the bar looks up at the judge, how strong must be the feeling in the prisoner's mind of the difference of position that exists between them; himself standing with the stern gaoler close to him, and His seated Eminence in ermine, with a pretty woman, for so it generally happens, at his side. There is hardly less difference, in the relative positions, when an author submits his work even to a friendly critic.

The poor author feels the most anxious desire to win a favourable hearing from the man whom he has placed, for the moment, in this immensely superior position to himself. He gives him the best arm-chair; he agrees abjectly with any remarks the critic may be pleased to make before-

hand about the weather, or about the article in "The Times" that morning; and, in short, seeks to propitiate him in every way.

It was with somewhat of this feeling that Mr. Milverton and I prepared to hear the comments on our story which would be given by "The Friends" to whom we had submitted it. It really was rather a formal affair, and when they all walked into the study after breakfast, and silently took their seats, I felt (I don't know how Mr. Milverton felt) as if we were about to be tried for some offence. And a bad book is certainly a great offence.

The conversation began thus:

MILVERTON. Well, you have all read "Casimir Maremma:" I hope you have not skipped any of it; and here are Johnson and I prepared to receive all the cold water which you may be inclined to pour upon our devoted heads.

ELLESMERE. I love Maggie; I believe in Maggie. I like Lochawe; I knew him well when I was a young man, and I think you have depicted him fairly. I don't care about the others. Casimir is too virtuous

and altogether too grand for me. My depraved taste can only relish people with many faults—people like myself. I don't object to Glenant.

CRANMER. It is always my fate, I believe, to be opposed to Sir John Ellesmere in everything. I don't like Maggie; I don't believe in all this refinement in a person so brought up; and I do like Casimir, who seems to me a noble fellow, with great purposes.

ELLESMERE. What a prejudiced mortal you are, Cranmer, and how limited in your notions of people. Do you really suppose that we are all so wonderfully changed by education? This is one of the silliest of human dreams. Have you not met some of the most vulgar people in the world in the highest society, and amongst the most educated? and, on the other hand, have you not met with the utmost refinement of mind connected with the most splendid ignorance of grammar? And you call yourself a Liberal! You official men see nothing of life as compared with us lawyers; you think nothing of anybody who cannot write a long memorial, and who is not gifted with the power of expressing himself, or herself, in nicely-balanced sentences, with plenty of parentheses in them: "I have no hesitation in avowing, whatever embarrassment it may hereafter entail upon Her Majesty's Government, that the addition of this halfpenny in the pound will produce consequences—consequences

not lightly to be considered, as they are not likely to be lightly felt,—which," &c. &c. That is the sort of stuff which represents greatness to your mind.

I have examined witnesses who came from the lowest depths of human society; who acted and talked accordingly, and yet who gave me the idea of being essentially great people.

LADY ELLESMERE. Don't you like Ruth, John?

ELLESMERE. No, I don't. She is a prigess. Depend upon it, one would soon get tired of so wise a woman. That kind of fatigue, however, which is occasioned by living with very wise people is one that I have not myself ever suffered much from.

MRS. MILVERTON. Ruth is my favourite.

ELLESMERE. The women are all jealous of Maggie. They do not like to see how soon the varnish of education and of refinement can be put on.

SIR ARTHUR. I don't believe they feel that, Ellesmere. I think it a most beautiful thing to see how soon this varnish, as you call it, can be put on by women. A woman is a much more refinable creature than a man. All that part of the tale which relates to Maggie will be the most questioned, but I believe that it is thoroughly defensible.

ELLESMERE. And what do you think, Mauleverer? There is a look upon your face of serene and lofty dissatisfaction which much becomes it. When Maul-

everer has this severe look I always think of Fadladeen, such as he might have become if he had been a Puritan preacher, and had been named Fadladeen Bide-the-Bent.

MAULEVERER. I do not reply to these injurious personalities. For my part, I must confess that no tale has any great interest for me which treats of antenuptial life. I like a tale which begins by all the people being married, no matter how; and then you know, from the beginning, how miserable they must be, and there is something like real life. If there is anybody in this tale that I like, it is "wise old John."

CRANMER. I am sorry to play the part of an objector, and to take a leaf out of the book of a friend of mine who sits near me; but I must say, Milverton, that there is one thing—

ELLESMERE. Don't be so circumlocutory, Cranmer. It's the fault of all your tribe. I wonder you did not say (you see, this is my favourite model of an official sentence) that you had no hesitation in avowing, whatever embarrassment it might hereafter entail upon Her Majesty's Government, that, upon due deliberation and mature reflection, you had arrived at the conclusion—a conclusion arrived at unwillingly, but still unhesitatingly—that it was unadvisable for you, under existing circumstances, to extract a page from the book of the honourable friend with whom

you were in close proximity. That's the sort of stuff you official fellows used to send me, when I was Attorney-general, to advise upon; and it used to drive me nearly wild.

MILVERTON. Well, but what is your objection, Cranmer? I am here to be pelted at with critical missiles of all kinds.

CRANMER. It is similar to what I said before, when Sir John interrupted me. Don't you think, Milverton, that you are asking us to believe a little too much, when you make out Maggie to have so soon become an accomplished and refined young woman?

MILVERTON. I never said anything about "accomplished" or "refined."

ELLESMERE. Let me take up the cudgels. It is a curious thing, which I have often observed, that when a man deviates from his usual course, he is nearly sure to go wrong. Cranmer is not prone to make objections; and now, when he does make one, it is, I declare, frivolous, unjust, and vexatious in the extreme. I have had something like experience in this matter. There were some passages, not of love, but of liking, between a certain German young woman, named Gretchen and myself. I tried to be kind to her, and she was kind to me. Most of my friends here know all about it, and Lady Ellesmere knows too; for, with feminine malice and love of

teasing, when we were travelling through Germany after our marriage, she would fix upon some particularly plain woman of forty, and exclaim, "I think that woman there must be very like your Gretchen, John." There really was no love in the case, I assure you. In fact, there was a great folly at that time in my mind, which kept out all minor follies—a large love snake, which frightened all the other snakes, or devoured them.

Leave me alone, Lady Ellesmere!

LADY ELLESMERE. I always pull John's ears, when he is more disagreeable than usual, because, if I were to do a mischief to them, it would be no matter, as he makes so little good use of them—never listening to virtuous sentiments, or to good advice.

ELLESMERE. Putting aside her nonsense, I am going to tell you seriously my opinion in this matter. I assure you I feel convinced that if there had been love between us, and if Gretchen and I had resolved to marry; and if I had devoted my whole mind for six or eight months, to the cultivation of Gretchen, I would bet any money, indeed I would bet my favourite copy of Charles Lamb's essays to Cranmer's favourite blue-book, whatever that may be (that's giving long odds, I think), that I would have made Gretchen fit for the best society, that of our noble selves, for instance.

SIR ARTHUR. I quite agree with you, Ellesmere.

MAULEVERER. And so do I; but I shall have to give my reasons afterwards.

ELLESMERE. The reasons, my dear fellow, are as manifest as possible. Their merits and their demerits (I mean women's) lead to the same conclusion. Women are eminently receptive, adaptable and imitative. Take even what we are pleased to call the vilest and the lowest. You may be sure they are full of small proprieties, and that they take heed of observances which we rude men scarcely notice. Then again, women take polish so easily, as Sir Arthur has already said. I will put this in a Mauleverian fashion. You all know how apt he is to say something of the following kind. The form of animal life which is most detestable, is that of the male young of man (shall we say boy); and by "boy," I mean the male human creature from the age of thirteen to that of fifty-seven. Well, humbly imitating this great man, I say that of all forms of human life that which imbibes the varnish of good manners and good society, most rapidly and most conclusively, is the young female creature (shall we say girl?), from the age of sixteen to that of twenty-seven. I have no doubt that, if we had a cabinet-maker here, he would tell us of the immense difference that exists as regards the recep-

tivity for varnish, in different kinds of wood. In applying this metaphor, I would say that the worst texture is that of man; the best that of woman; the next best, that of dogs.

MRS. MILVERTON. Now, really, John, that would not have been so uncivil, if you had said nothing about the dogs; but you always spoil every civil speech, by some unpleasant addition to it.

SIR ARTHUR. Ellesmere is quite right. And then, too, there is this to be considered, that his Gretchen was a douce kind of girl (I know all about her), whereas Milverton's Maggie is meant to be, or rather is, for I dare say she has real existence, a vigorous, fiery, energetic girl, who would very soon learn all that she could learn.

ELLESMERE. Being both a critic and a friend, I am always for putting down Milverton as much as we can. I am for keeping these authors in order, otherwise they would trample upon us. Indeed, already, they have too much power in the world. I am for starving them as much as possible while they live. If we must honour them while they are living, let us Guelph them, and, after death, we can make bad statues of them. We will thus discourage them in every way that we can.

SIR ARTHUR. Thank you, Ellesmere. I am sure we are very much indebted to you.

ELLESMERE. Oh! I have not done yet. I should propose that we should treat them as some people propose to treat landlords. We should have fixity of tenure for the reader, as for the tenant; and, non-payment of rent in both cases.

MILVERTON. Your kind wishes have been almost anticipated, my dear Ellesmere, by the present copyright laws of most countries, and by the absence of international copyright. But I think we have talked enough about the rapid development of Maggie in cultivation; and I am quite contented to find that Sir Arthur and Ellesmere agree with me. I believe this is the second time, during our intercourse from boyhood, that Ellesmere has agreed with me. By the way, I do not remember the first; but I think such a thing did once occur.

SIR ARTHUR. Pray keep within the bounds of probability, my dear Milverton.

MILVERTON. While you are all talking of Maggie, you must know that I have not half done her justice. She was a wonderfully persuasive girl. She thoroughly understood all the arts of coaxing. She always gained her point with Mr. Thurston by those arts, which women will sometimes use so unscrupulously. She would kneel at his feet and say, "Do, do, do let me do this," or that, or whatever she had a mind to make him let her do; and it need hardly

be said that Maggie always carried her point. This was, of course, before she fell in love with him; after that she became reserved.

The art of pleasing was Maggie's in the highest degree. The silks worn by some people rustle spitefully; the silks worn by others purr, as their wearers move along; if Maggie had worn silks they would inevitably have purred, for whatever she did was always pleasing.

SIR ARTHUR. I have observed that in the highest form of grace, or at least in that which is most pleasing, there is something which is ungraceful, something which results from shyness, or some other peculiarity of character, something which has as much effect as a sweet discord in music sometimes has. I have no doubt that there was something of this kind in Maggie.

MILVERTON. Exactly so, my dear Sir Arthur; there was a certain brusqueness which only added to her gracefulness.

ELLESMERE. Oh dear! how these authors stick to one another, and back one another up in every absurdity!

Now what tickles me in Milverton's proceedings is, that whether he indulges us with a drama or a tale, he is always, for the time, infinitely enamoured of his principal heroine. The last time it was the

Ainah—a douce, quiet kind of girl, like Chaucer's "Nonne," with whom—

"Al was conscience and tendre herte."

Now it is the boisterous, determined, rampauging Maggie. Oh! you should have seen the rage that Milverton was in when I ventured to remind him that the Ainah had large hands and feet. They were not large hands and feet, he said; they were only hands and feet *of a certain size;* and I was a scandalous, backbiting, denigrating fellow for saying that he had ever said that these extremities were large. And now he is equally ready to do battle for his Maggie. In fact, these writers of fiction surround themselves with an imaginary harem, a great deal better thing, by the way, than a real harem; and they fall desperately in love with their own creations. When Milverton gets me alone he will absolutely cuff me for applying the word "rampauging" to Maggie; and will tell me that rampauge, in her case, was only gentleness carried to an extreme.

MILVERTON. Now I hope you have finished talking about the characters in the tale. It is something like talking of a man's own qualities before his face to talk about the characters which he has drawn in fiction. He loves them all, you know; he believes in them all. It seems to him very rude that you

should comment about them at all (except, of course, to praise) in his presence.

But about Casimir's projects, What do you think of them? Are they all moonshine?

MAULEVERER. I think not.

ELLESMERE. Well, Fadladeen Bide-the-Bent is determined upon being amiable and encouraging to-day.

MAULEVERER. My views, Sir John, are not built upon a basis of universal depreciation. I do not think that men will be made more happy by a system of judicious emigration, but they may be made less abject. I suppose that is some gain. They may be less dirty, less ill-fed, less squeezed together. I am willing to take very large and open views upon this subject.

ELLESMERE. There are new dishes and new forms of cookery in every new colony, Mauleverer.

MILVERTON. But, to speak seriously, can you imagine a man having the ambition of Casimir Maremma, and having the power and skill and self-devotion to attain, to some extent, the object of his ambition?

SIR ARTHUR. I must say I can. Look what objects men do pursue, and with what pertinacity—hunting, shooting, fishing, travelling, observing the spots in the sun for twenty long years, or devoting their minds to the solving of some difficult equation. Consider, too, that there are men who can play six

games of chess at once. Yes, I can perfectly imagine a man, such as you have described Maremma to be, devoting his whole soul to be a leader of a band of emigrants. There have been many such men in past ages; but somehow the thing has gone out of fashion: I do not see why it should not be revived.

ELLESMERE. But is it doable now? Men, as they have become more civilized, have become more unmanageable. In these former days you speak of there were but few ways of distinction, and if your leader was a man who excelled in one of these few ways, he was permanently predominant over his followers. The great warrior had some sure hold upon his fellow-warriors: the fierce buccanier upon his fellow-buccaniers. The expedition had generally something of the character of an army, and retained in new lands the discipline of an army.

SIR ARTHUR. There is great force in what Ellesmere says. You see, if Casimir takes out the nucleus of a nation, which is evidently his object, he will have many men who are superior to him in their respective and special vocations. There will be the doctors and the clergy, and the artizans, and the other educated men like himself.

Let us follow out the story for a moment. There will be Glenant. If he were to remain in the colony he would not always act with Casimir.

MILVERTON. All this is very true; but there is one thing I think you forget, and that is, the immense power and influence which an organizing and governing mind, that has large scope of action, as such a mind would possess in a new colony, would win for itself. Government is an art in itself. You shall see in a committee, or a council, or a cabinet, sundry men of more knowledge, more general skill, and more varied ability than are possessed by the chief, whether he be chairman, or president, or prime minister; but if that man is a real governor, he will keep them all together, and educe more work from them than any one of the rest could do. Government is his trade. It all depends upon whether Casimir Maremma is such a man, and if so, whether his friends and companions have the wisdom to perceive and acknowledge this.

MR. CRANMER. Very true, Milverton; I have worked under prime ministers of whom it might be said that they knew the art of governing, and nothing else. The best chief I ever served under was supremely ignorant of finance.

MILVERTON. There are special aptitudes for governing. Now, for instance, a ruling man should have what the Spaniards call longanimity (*longanimidad*). His power of endurance (not physical endurance, but endurance of the tiresomeness, way-

wardness, and frowardness of other men) should be very great. Then he should be a man so averse from quarrelling that, as some one says, "The universal stock of this world's injuries should not affect his equal mind." Then, of course, he should be a great judge of character, and of ability.

ELLESMERE. There was a bird known to the ancients, called the Phœnix.

MILVERTON. You think that this discernment of the powers and abilities of other men is a wonderful gift of nature. You are mistaken. Let a man only be in the habit of considering, as regards all the people he meets with, what they really are, and what they can do; and you will be surprised to find how much discernment he will acquire in that particular branch of knowledge. There have been kings, and statesmen, and generals, who were not very clever men, but who were always thinking how they should employ men, and who thus attained great skill in this apparently most difficult matter.

Then my leader must have a large amount of passive courage; the courage, I mean, that resists disheartenment. All men are so cheered when they can come, in moments of depression, to such a man as this, who from practice has acquired the power of resisting an exaggerated impression of adverse circumstances.

Then take the power of organization, also a thing to be acquired by much thinking over, and you have my complete governing man. I do not see why, even in these days, he should not be able to found a new state.

MR. CRANMER. I quite agree with you, Milverton, and think you have drawn a perfect picture of a governing man.

ELLESMERE. Cranmer feels that he could be himself that man; but he is mistaken, for all men are not so sensible as he is himself, and he would have to manage the Ellesmeres of the expedition. We should give him a little trouble, I think.

CRANMER. I wouldn't have any such people with me.

ELLESMERE. Have you ever heard Milverton tell an anecdote of what happened to him and me when we were travelling together in Spain? We had a most timid guide, and he wanted us to stay at some town in the middle of the day, saying that we should certainly be robbed and murdered if we went through the next two stages when evening was coming on. He said, no traveller ever dared to go on in the afternoon through these stages. I ventured in my foolish, argumentative, special pleading way, to observe, "If there are no travellers, there are no robbers to look out for no travellers." "Ah!" said the

guide, with a smile of ineffable contempt, "Every man you meet will become a robber." There was no resisting that statement, but still we persevered in going on, and what we met with shall be told you some other day.

Now, this exactly applies to the present case, Count Cranmer would take out sundry innocent official sort of personages, whom he would think he should be sure to be able to manage; but when they came into a new country they would kick up their heels, like released donkeys, and turn out to be Ellesmeres.

MILVERTON. Let us leave Ellesmere and Cranmer to settle their disputes at some future period. Let us meanwhile proceed with the subject. Do you know anything about the founding of the colony of Maryland, and about the Lords Baltimore, father and sons? These men devoted themselves to that enterprise. I do not see why there should not be Lords Baltimore in the present day. I hate to pronounce unkindly against other people's pursuits, especially when those pursuits require much energy. But I cannot think that keeping a game book, and noting down how many of the inferior animals one has dexterously slaughtered; or going into distant countries in pursuit of foreign game; or even, though this is a thing of quite a different order, foreign discovery

(what noble discoverers there have been, by the way, in Australia!), is so grand or interesting an object as leading out a colony, including persons of various powers and various pursuits, into new lands; and thus being the author and contriver of a new state, under happier auspices, it may be, than those of any old state.

I am sure if you could put this enterprise before some of the young men of wealth, influence, and energy, who abound in the present time, you would find that they would be delighted to be the leaders of such an expedition. The world is full of greatness and goodness. You may sneer as much as you like, Ellesmere; you may look grave disapproval as much as you like, Mauleverer. But it is so. People have only to be told what they ought to do. Peter the Hermit had only to tell people about his somewhat grand but very foolish enterprise, and all the better people were glad to do anything that seemed grand and religious. Surely we of a wiser generation might be able to incite to a much grander and far more fruitful enterprise. I repeat it, you have only to tell people what to do, and, if you have anything worth telling to tell them, they will adopt your views; and it is not danger, nor difficulty, nor self-sacrifice which will hinder them.

ELLESMERE. About these Baltimores, Milverton,

that you talk of. I have heard of them all my life, but I know nothing about them. You see we lawyers do not read much after we get into good practice. We rely upon you learned slaves for work of that inferior kind.

MILVERTON. If you really wish to know about these Baltimores, I can tell you about them. It will be a long story, I am afraid; but it has the closest relation to our present subject.

The first Lord Baltimore was a man of good family of the name of George Calvert. He began his career as private secretary to Robert Cecil. When Cecil became Lord Treasurer, he got for his friend Calvert a place as one of the Clerks of the Council. Calvert must have distinguished himself in that arduous office, for he was afterwards made Secretary of State. In those days, clever official men in permanent offices might look to great advancement. Calvert was created Lord Baltimore. The story of his life now becomes somewhat confused. Some say that he turned Roman Catholic; others affirm that he had always been one. Those who say he turned Roman Catholic add, that he went to King James the First, informed his Majesty that he had made this change in his religion, and on that account must resign his office as Secretary of State. He did, accordingly, resign it. He seems to have

been a favourite with the king; he was probably an excellent man of business. That he was a favourite of the king is proved by this circumstance. When he was made Secretary of State he sent a jewel of great value to the Duke of Buckingham, intimating that he owed his promotion to his grace. The duke returned the jewel, saying that Calvert's promotion was not his doing, but the king's.

Any way, King James continued to favour Lord Baltimore, and he gave him a grant of land in Newfoundland. Lord Baltimore set to work to colonize his new territory. He built a splendid house, and spent large sums of money in the foundation of his settlement there.

Finding, however, that the climate was very unpropitious, he made a voyage down the coast, and entered Chesapeake Bay. He then resolved to give up his grant in Newfoundland, and to found a colony in the country that is now called Maryland. Accordingly he went home, and succeeded in obtaining a grant of land in that newly discovered territory. He died in England, but the grant was continued to his son, the second Lord Baltimore. That son did not himself attempt to colonize, but sent out his younger brother, Lionel Calvert, as governor of the new colony. Lionel commenced his expedition with two hundred men, who sailed in two vessels from Cowes, in the year 1633. This man was practically the

founder of Maryland. The colony was first to have been called Crescentia; but afterwards received the name of Maryland, in compliment to Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles the First.

ELLESMERE. This is a pretty little bit of biography, but I do not see how it bears closely, to use your word, upon the subject in discussion.

MILVERTON. I will tell you. The charter which conveys Maryland to Lord Baltimore is a perfect model of what, in my judgment, such a charter should be. You cannot expect me to recollect such a thing as a charter by heart, especially when I tell you I only read it once; but I remember that it gave to the grantee the power of declaring martial law; and what pleased me more, it gave to him the power of conferring honours and dignities, as if he were himself a legitimate source of honour. Under it, Lionel Calvert was able to provide for the utmost toleration in matters of religion. The governor, however, was not to be a despot; but, in certain matters, representative government was provided for. Altogether, when I read the charter, I thought to myself, this thing, with a little adaptation to modern circumstances, would be the very document that I should like my Casimir Maremma to be appointed under.

ELLESMERE. I have no doubt, then, that there is a touch of despotism in it.

MILVERTON. Not a bit more than is absolutely

necessary. I have a suspicion that Lord Bacon must have assisted in, or at least been cognizant of, the first charter, from which doubtless the second was drawn. There is a sentence in his admirable essay on plantations which seems to me to indicate this. Johnson, will you have the kindness to reach me down that volume of Bacon which contains the essays, and look for the essay on plantations.

SIR ARTHUR. Ellesmere may sneer at history, but, after all, it is of some use sometimes.

ELLESMERE. Oh, yes, history is very useful in its way. "Who deniges of it, Betsy?" as Mrs. Gamp would say. A well-known French writer has taught me the exact value of history. He conceives it to be a great scheme by which clever and plausible men establish that it is by premeditation that tiles have fallen upon the heads of the peoples. I learnt the passage by heart, knowing that I should some day feel it my duty to quote it for Milverton's edification. "*En général, l'homme ne fait pas grand' chose exprès ; l'histoire n'est que l'art d'établir d'une façon à peu près plausible la préméditation des tuiles qui tombent sur les peuples.*" [1]

MILVERTON. Yes, I have no doubt this view of his-

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[1] Alphonse Karr.

tory approves itself to Ellesmere's mind; but let us hear what Bacon says about plantations, for I see Johnson has found the very passage I mean to give you. Here it is, and I assure you it is thoroughly embodied in the Baltimore grant.

But I must read you the beginning of the Essay. What a grand fellow Bacon is! How he goes at once to the root of everything he discusses.

"Plantations are amongst ancient, primitive, and heroical works. When the world was young it begat more children; but now it is old it begets fewer: for I may justly account new plantations to be the children of former kingdoms. I like a plantation in a pure soil; that is, where people are not displanted to the end to plant in others; for else it is rather an extirpation than a plantation. Planting of countries is like planting of woods; for you must make account to lose twenty years' profit, and expect your recompense in the end: for the principal thing that hath been the destruction of most plantations hath been the base and hasty drawing of profit in the first years. It is true, speedy profit is not to be neglected, as far as may stand with the good of the plantation, but no further."

Well, then comes the passage that was in my mind when I said that Lord Bacon might have had something to do with the first grant to Lord Baltimore.

"For government, let it be in the hands of one, assisted with some counsel; and let them have commission to exercise martial laws, with some limitation; and,

above all, let men make that profit of being in the wilderness, as they have God always, and his service, before their eyes. Let not the government of the plantation depend upon too many counsellors and undertakers in the country that planteth, but upon a temperate number; and let those be rather noblemen and gentlemen, than merchants; for they look ever to the present gain. Let there be freedom from custom, till the plantation be of strength; and not only freedom from custom, but freedom to carry their commodities where they may make their best of them, except there be some special cause of caution. Cram not in people, by sending too fast, company after company; but rather hearken how they waste, and send supplies proportionably; but so as the number may live well in the plantation, and not by surcharge be in penury."

You will observe that remarkable passage:—

"Let those be rather noblemen and gentlemen, than merchants; for they look ever to the present gain,"

does not my Casimir come in here?

MR. CRANMER. I am not given, as you all know, to making objections; but I must say, I want some other people besides noblemen and gentlemen.

MILVERTON. My dear Cranmer, you never catch Lord Bacon tripping, or overlooking anything. What he meant was, let noblemen and gentlemen be at the head of the expedition; but he takes care to tell you, in the course of his essay, who are the persons who should mainly be chosen as members of the expedition:—

"The people wherewith you plant ought to be gardeners, ploughmen, labourers, smiths, carpenters, joiners, fishermen, fowlers, with some few apothecaries, surgeons, cooks, and bakers."

ELLESMERE. I am deeply sorry to find that my learned friend, or, as I ought rather to say, as if I were pleading before him, his lordship, makes a strange oversight in this passage.

SIR ARTHUR. I think his choice of men is admirable.

ELLESMERE. I am sorry to observe that "my literary friends" cannot be called "my religious friends." Lord Bacon does not say anything about clergymen. I cannot conceive an expedition of this kind without the Church being concerned in it.

LADY E. Now, John, do not be so hypocritical. Are you not always quoting to me that passage of Lord Clarendon, "Of all men who can read and write, they (the clergy) are those who take the worst measure of human affairs;" and you know, my dear, the difficulty I have in getting you to go to church.

ELLESMERE. Granted; but it is because you have made such a muddle of the services, and your favourite preachers are not telegraphic in their way of expressing themselves.

But without any joking, Milverton, there ought to

be clergy. Wicked man as I am, according to Lady Ellesmere's view of me, I should like to have the "benefit of clergy" in any such expedition, if I were to be one of its members. You see we may have our joke against the clergy, but they are very good fellows. They are always, or almost always, on the side of right.

MILVERTON. Well, Ellesmere, I think, if you have read the story of Casimir Maremma, you will see that he takes out clergymen with him. I am sure I shouldn't like to be the leader of any such expedition if it were to consist only of the laity. In all the study I have given to Spanish colonization, it has been impressed strongly on my mind that the clergy formed a most valuable—perhaps the most valuable—part of any expedition; and I should be the last man to propose that any colony should be established without the means of religious exhortation and religious consolation.

ELLESMERE. Now, as to another omission. I suppose you have all noticed something, or rather the absence of something, in this tale of Casimir Maremma; and that is, that Milverton has not said a word about the evils of war. I do not like this. You know my theory, that it argues ill of anybody when he is not like his former self. I have had the honour of Milverton's acquaintance ever since he

was a little boy of six years old in a jacket, and I do not remember any occasion for long talk since that period in which he has not informed me that war is a terrible thing. I begin to think that he will some day grow old, and be unlike the creature we have known him both as boy and man.

Now, if Sir Arthur were to be rude and coarse; if Cranmer were to say that taxes should not be paid cheerfully; if Mauleverer were to declare that human nature is a very pretty thing, and that boys and girls are charming specimens of creation; if Lady Ellesmere were to praise her husband; if Mrs. Milverton were to be indifferent to our comforts; and if Sandy were to protest that Scotchmen were not the glory and the pride of mankind—I should feel as uncomfortable about them as I do now about Milverton, seeing that he has let pass so many good opportunities in this tale of thundering against war. I tell you again I am afraid he is becoming old and sour, and weary of us all.

MILVERTON. No; I have said my say. I wait now for events. I wait for what the doctors and the chemists will do.

CRANMER. As usual, I am utterly puzzled as to what you mean, Milverton.

MILVERTON. I have said it before. There are very pretty inventions being made by people who are

scheming to have fish torpedoes which will attack and instantly destroy a large vessel,—also by men who are framing cannon of such calibre as will, at one discharge, sink a man-of-war; but I rely upon the doctors and the chemists. We shall call them in to "prescribe" against an army; and they will teach us how to throw pestilences at one another, or rather, how to sow the seeds of pestilence in the ground over which an invading army must pass. At last we shall come to the conclusion that war is too dreadful a thing to be undertaken except in cases of the last necessity.

You may imagine that I am speaking boastfully; but I think that with my present knowledge, especially if I were aided by some men who have pursued the same scientific researches as myself, I could with the utmost ease destroy the commissariat of an invading army.

SIR ARTHUR. That would be fatal.

MILVERTON. Well, it is most feasible. I am quite certain I could introduce cattle plague amongst their herds, and a disease amongst their horses which would cut up all their cavalry. A similar thing will be effected with human beings when once we have got the doctors and the chemists to look into the question.

Historians have been very remiss in narrating the

history of campaigns, and omitting to tell us how often the fate of a campaign has depended upon the introduction of a disease among the animals that accompanied an army.

ELLESMERE. Yes; I have always had a mean opinion of historians.

MILVERTON. Well, when we have brought destructiveness, both of man and beast, to its utmost power, we shall begin to think that we must take up other means and adopt other courses to settle diplomatic disputes. After all, mankind, notwithstanding what Mr. Mauleverer says about it, has some glimmerings of sense, and will see that international law must be systematized, and must be made effective.

You will then no longer have the rubbish talked that is now talked, even by Christian clergymen, of the greatness of a nation depending upon its willingness to go to war upon the most trumpery causes. I should not have said anything about this matter, for I am wearied of talking about it, if Ellesmere had not provoked me to do so.

Only imagine what it would be if men could throw pestilences at one another. There would not be the clash of arms, the pride of battle, the joy of striking a bold stroke for one's country, but men would have to meet a stalking, noiseless, fatal foe, most inimical to thoughts of glory and to thoughts of daring.

ELLESMERE. Good heavens, what ideas he brings before us! "Dose as before" instead of "Up, Guards, and at them!" I must own that I think all the poetry of warfare would be taken out of it, and Milverton and his doctors and chemists would have the best of it.

MILVERTON. Now you are all Christians—you would be very much scandalized if it were not acknowledged that you are Christians. What do you think our Saviour would say if He were to appear on earth again at this present time. Do you think he would approve of three or four millions of human beings being kept under arms to maintain the armed peace of Europe? I may be very stupid, but I have read Christianity in quite another way, and I do think that if there is anything condemned by the principles set forth in the Sermon on the Mount, it is the present state of European armies—as much condemned, by the way, by sound political economy as by the dictates of Christianity.

You may recollect what I said some days ago when Johnson and I handed to you the copies of "Casimir Maremma." I said that women, if they had been more consulted in the affairs of the world, would have protested against the love of war and the lust of conquest. I think so still; and I think that as they gain power they will become the most valuable advocates of peace.

One word more. If there has been any one maxim more fatal to the world than another, it has been this: "*Si vis pacem, para bellum.*" Even wise men do not seem to have perceived that there is no end to this preparation for war; and that the preparation is almost as fatal to the best interests of the human race as the presence of war itself.

You begin a thing to which there is no end. I make a preparation; you make a counter-preparation; and so it goes on *ad infinitum*.

SIR ARTHUR. Let us put aside war, and resume our talk about emigration. I am very much pleased with this endeavour of Milverton's to bring the question of well-regulated emigration before us. Now, if I may venture to say so, I have a good deal of knowledge upon this subject. When I was in office it came frequently before me, and it perplexed me much.

You may talk, Ellesmere, against Casimir Maremma and his schemes, but you are to recollect that the present state of things as regards emigration is dreadful; and I do not wonder that it has attracted the attention of Milverton. How many people, do you think, will emigrate to-day from Liverpool? Very likely 500; and these 500 will be thrown on some distant shore much in the same way, forgive the homeliness of the simile, as a coarse feeder throws pepper over his food.

I don't know anything in the world which requires more organization than emigration, and I don't know anything which receives it less.

CRANMER. I wish you could see the letters which I have received from colonists, wherein they have said to me, "For God's sake, don't send us any more of these helpless, feckless people. You would not do so, if you did but know what a trouble and what a sorrow they are to us."

MILVERTON. Here comes in Lord Bacon again, where he says, "Cram not in people by sending too fast, company after company."

SIR ARTHUR. These people who are Cranmer's correspondents are evidently good and patriotic people, but remember that in every colony there will be colonists of much weight and influence, capitalists, who desire immigration solely, or chiefly, with a view to the reduction of the rate of wages. These men will naturally have great influence with the colonial authorities, and so, perhaps, with the home authorities. It is necessary to be upon your guard against this purely money-making influence.

MILVERTON. Altogether, I see that most of you are with me, and that you think that if we could persuade men, ay, and women too, to devote themselves, not merely as exporting agents, but as guides and leaders of emigration—men who mean to make

their home in a new country, who have no notion of merely making a fortune and then returning to England—it would be an enormous gain, not only for Great Britain, but for the world.

Look at the pathos of the whole thing. I don't care, Ellesmere, about your saying that I talk sentimentally: sneer at me, if you like, but I choose for the moment to be a man of sentiment.

ELLESMERE. I am always in for a scolding. I do believe you all think I am made of wood, with iron bindings.

MILVERTON. I think you pretend to be, sometimes. But I say again, look at the pathos of the thing! Is there a more forlorn creature in the world than a poor moneyless, unguided, untended emigrant, landed in some great city—say Sydney—and looking out for any wretched employment of any kind, whether he has been used to it or not. A dog lost in the streets of London is the only creature whose fate is equally to be deplored.

Remember that at home everybody has always somebody to whom he, or she, can go, when in the utmost distress.

Well, then, I shall insist upon another point, and this is the last thing with which I will trouble you, in relation to this subject. It is not merely that the individual emigrant is so often a failure; it is that

emigration itself, in these modern times, is a failure. I sympathize with Casimir Maremma.

ELLESMERE. Indeed! That is much to be wondered at, certainly.

MILVERTON. I say I sympathize with Casimir Maremma when he shows you that his highest hope is to make something better of life in his new colony. There is hardly anything in the world that has depressed and disheartened me so much as to find that the great towns in the New World have nearly the same amount of squalidity, unhealthiness, and abject misery as there are in the great towns of the Old World. This evil mainly proceeds from colonization having been so ill-regulated; and I do maintain that there are room and scope enough, not for one Casimir Maremma only, but for hundreds of men like him, to engage in the noblest enterprise which the present state of the world holds out to any of us.

ELLESMERE. When Milverton gets into one of his "high falutin" flights there is no answering him; or, if there is, one feels that one should be base in doing so, and should be quite out of tune with the rest of the company, who have all been worked up to the proper wise, or unwise, state of enthusiasm. I hate to interrupt or chill a warm gush of sympathy; and therefore I will say no more, except that I hope, with all my heart, that your friend Casimir may be successful in his enterprise.

CRANMER. I declare I would go with him if I could.

ELLESMERE. There is a great deal of romance about Cranmer. The shrewdest thing that Milverton said in his book was that men of business are often amongst the most romantic of mankind, and it certainly was so with the good old man whom he describes as Lord Lochawe.

MILVERTON. By the way, I must tell you why I think that Lord Bacon had a hand in drawing up the charter which gave Lord Baltimore his possessions in Newfoundland. It is because I find that there is a similar charter of previous date, granting to Lord Bacon, and other "adventurers," possessions in Newfoundland. This gives additional weight to what Lord Bacon has said in his essay on plantations, for it is probable that his lordship had considered the subject in reference to his own interest, as well as to the benefit of the state.

ELLESMERE. I should think his own interest was much the more predominant part of the subject in his mind.

MILVERTON. There you are quite wrong, Ellesmere, and very unjust. Lord Bacon was one of those really great citizens who identify themselves with the state; and my firm belief is that Bacon seldom, if ever, wished for anything which should not be a

benefit for the state, as well as for himself. I remember the poet Rogers once saying to me, apropos of some great man of his day, who had owned something against himself, "Lord Grenville said to me, in reference to Lord Bacon's confession, one should never take a great and generous man's admissions against himself."

For my own part, I feel so much gratitude to Bacon, that it hurts me, as if it were said of one of my own forefathers, when people talk of his being the "greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind." It is the only line of Pope for which I cannot forgive him. I believe Lord Bacon to have been essentially a very great, and a very good man; but I do not expect any man, however great, and however good, to rise in any paramount degree above the errors and the frailties of his time.

SIR ARTHUR. I am wholly with you, Milverton. It hurts me too, as if a Godolphin were being run down, when I hear Lord Bacon carped at and cavilled at by small, virtuous, untempted people of the present day.

MAULEVERER. Each age has its own distinct and separate blackguardism. The slave to public clamour, and the servant of newspapers — characters which often belong to the statesmen and great men of the present day—very foolishly throw stones at much

greater men than themselves, who partook the vices of a previous age. For my own part, I never find mankind much wiser or better in one age than in another. I believe that Milverton, if he had been Lord Chancellor, would have assisted at the torture of political prisoners in the Tower.

MILVERTON. I never should, Mauleverer. It is monstrous to say so of me.

ELLESMERE. This is the first time I have seen Mauleverer put Milverton in a rage. I am very much obliged to you, Mauleverer. I am now not the only wicked person in the world who can provoke the calm and wise philosopher to wrath. Oh! I agree with you entirely, Mauleverer; I can see Milverton with the thumbscrew in his hands. You might get Milverton to do anything for the good of the state.

MRS. MILVERTON. It is totally false, John: my husband could not be cruel to anybody.

LADY ELLESMERE. John's hardness of heart leads him to believe in the possible hardness of heart of all other people; but I agree with you, Blanche, that Leonard would always have been too kind, too soft-hearted, to apply torture to any human being.

ELLESMERE. Thank you, dear, for that word "soft," which is always a pretty word for silly.

MILVERTON. But never mind about myself. Think

of me what you will; but let us return to the subject.

SIR ARTHUR. It fell to my lot before, my dear Milverton, when you read to us your "Realmah," to have to put before you the main objections to your project; and now I must state to you all that is to be said, as it appears to me, against your and Casimir's scheme of emigration.

ELLESMERE. Let me interrupt for a moment. You must recollect, Milverton, that a similar scheme has failed in our own time—one in which the bond of union, being religious, was supposed to be very strong.

MILVERTON. I know it all; but please proceed, Sir Arthur.

SIR ARTHUR. Well, then, I must begin by saying that you and Casimir seem to overlook the individuality of the emigrant. How is it that this particular man comes to emigrate but because he is a man of more force, purpose, and daring than his fellows.

MILVERTON. Partially true; but are people of force, purpose, and daring less willing to be well guarded and well governed than other men? The greatest men are the most obedient when the rule is wise.

ELLESMERE. I knew that Milverton would say that; he is, of all the men I have ever known, the most devoted to government. He really believes that people can do some good in government.

MILVERTON. Please proceed, Sir Arthur. I will answer Ellesmere afterwards.

SIR ARTHUR. In few words, then, I say that the best part of the work has to be done in the country to which the emigrants proceed. As I heard a man say, who has immense knowledge of the subject—one of the present ministers—it is "*Non unde, sed quo.*"

LADY ELLESMERE. You are a model of politeness, Sir Arthur; but I often observe that you err more than any of our friends in quoting Latin, which we ladies do not understand.

SIR ARTHUR. It is very ill-behaved of me to do so, Lady Ellesmere. The Latin words mean, "It is not whence, but whither." In a word, the importing country of emigrants should provide the *nidus* (there, I am again committing the same fault)—the nest for emigration.

CRANMER. I have heard it said that a land society in the country to which the emigrants go furnishes, after all, the best means of preparation for them.

MILVERTON. Well, now, my dear friends, do you not see that all you say against me makes for me?

ELLESMERE. No; we do not exactly see that.

MILVERTON. Well, then, you ought to see it. This leader of emigration, this Casimir, will be the man to negotiate with people on the other side. Do

you think that my Casimir will have nothing to say to the authorities on the other side—that he will not make, or at least endeavour to make, the best arrangements with those on the other side? How do you know that he has not been in negotiation with them already? But speaking most seriously, do you not believe that this leader—this man who is believed in by his followers, and is also a man of more weight than any one of them—will be able to make a better bargain for them collectively than any one of them could do for his individual self?

CRANMER. I do not think that I am a person to be led away by the imagination, or am likely to have *too* much faith in any scheme that may be called Utopian; but I do think that Milverton has given you substantially an answer. Whatever you say must be done over there, may best be done, or at least negotiated for, by the leader of emigration.

ELLESMERE. By the way, Milverton, I have never thanked you for the honour you have done me in making me one of Casimir's friends, and making me discourse, as I have done, in Casimir's antechamber.

MILVERTON. I have heard you say all that I make you say.

ELLESMERE. Yes. Noise is to me the one intolerable thing in the world. If the question really had been put to me whether I would live my life over

again, I should say to myself I have been a very fortunate man in the two great elements of good fortune —love and friendship. Lady Ellesmere, when she is in a good humour, and not too satirical (I dislike satirical people), is not a bad companion; and as for Milverton, he has great merits as a friend. He is not a stick or a stone, you can put him in a rage—a dreadful rage; but five minutes afterwards he goes on never minding, and treats you just as he did before. You thus have the exquisite pleasure of teasing, without the sense of cruelty which often attends that pleasant pastime. Yes, I have been very fortunate in love and friendship; but then I have heard so much noise in the world. You can't imagine what sharp-eared men, such as I am, feel. Now, I will tell you something which happened to me just before we came here. I had packed Lady Ellesmere and the brats off to Folkestone. The London house was quiet enough inside. I retreated into an upper bedroom. Now I must describe that bedroom to you. It was a well-curtained room, with closely-fitting windows and a curtained bed. I love air; but I detest noise, and would always rather be half-stifled than be subjected to noise. My bed was as far away from the windows as it could be placed, but so acute is my sense of hearing that I could hear people talk their ordinary talk in the street. I will tell you how I

happened to notice this particularly. In general, I avoid listening to their talk, but the conversation pleased me so much that I could not but listen to it. It was about six o'clock in the morning, and two women met in the street. After exchanging the usual morning greetings, one of them began to tell the other how happy she was now that her little son Amos had gone to his new school. He used to be so tiresome; he was now such a good boy. Such a comfort to her. He was getting on "that fast" with his lessons that nothing could equal him. His master said he would soon be at the top of the school.

The other woman replied but coldly to the poor mother with—"Oh, ah, deary me! Well, I'm glad now! Who'd a' thought it?" The poor mother little dreamt that there was a gentleman, in a remote bed in an upstairs room, listening to her talk and sympathizing with her. I had half a mind to rush to the window, throw it open, pop out my head, and exclaim, "I am so glad to hear that little Amos is getting on so well at his new school!" Wouldn't she have been astonished? But this story will give you a notion of what I must suffer from noise. I wonder I have not been soured by it, but you can't say I'm a sour fellow.

SIR ARTHUR. My dear Ellesmere, upon my word, from my heart I pity you.

MILVERTON. A great many people die of noise. I have no doubt that at the turning point of fevers a noise is often fatal.

ELLESMERE. Now praise me, good people, you cannot praise me too much, especially you, my dear Fairy, in that I not only endure, but love dogs; and what I have suffered from their barkings at night no mortal can tell!

But after all, it is a beautiful world: the intense enjoyment I have had two or three times in my life, in weltering in absolute noiselessness—

LADY ELLESMERE. What a strange phrase, John.

ELLESMERE. In bathing in liquid depths of unfathomable silence.

CRANMER. What a poet is lost in Sir John!

ELLESMERE. I remember which were the four happiest days of my life—I mean, of course, before I was married; there has been a continuity of happiness ever since—level, equal, uninterrupted happiness; so that one day has not been much distinguishable from another.

LADY ELLESMERE. I doubt the sincerity of these sayings.

MRS. MILVERTON. So do I, Mildred.

SIR ARTHUR. But tell us, Ellesmere, about these four days. One does like to hear about anybody being very happy, if only for four days.

MAULEVERER. He must have been in prison.

MILVERTON. How great men resemble one another! That great man, Carlyle, used to say what advantages there would be in being condemned to solitary confinement for a time; and really he was so eloquent (for no man equals him in talk that I ever heard) that I began to think it would be desirable to commit some crime that would ensure one a spell of solitary confinement.

SIR ARTHUR. But I want to hear about Ellesmere's four happy days.

LADY ELLESMERE. I never heard about them.

ELLESMERE. I have no objection to tell you, only I hate to be egotistical, and to talk for a quarter of an hour about myself; but as you will have it, here goes. I like to travel alone.

MILVERTON. So do I.

ELLESMERE. Naturally. You and I, Milverton, have so many people to see, so much talking to do, that our idea of felicity is to be supremely silent for a time.

Well, I was in a distant and somewhat wild country. My holidays were limited; I had even named the day and hour at which I was to be back in London, and to assist at the preparation of a Government Bill. It came on to rain. We know nothing about rain in this country; you should have

seen how it rained there, never stopping, steady, vast, continuous downpouring, like a horrid, fluent fellow making a speech at the Bar, or in the House of Commons. The roads were flooded. When one came to a place where one ought to have found a bridge, there was no bridge; it had been carried away, and one had to go miles further to effect a crossing. In order to keep to my appointment in London, I had to travel from early morn, or before, till "dewy eve,"—in fact, to put it prosaically, from about four o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night. No time for meals allowed; I carried my provisions with me.

Well, it never ceased raining. I travelled in a very light britzska, and got as many horses as I could; never having less than four, and sometimes having oxen in front for very heavy stages.

Our way was mostly through immense, apparently never-ending, forests. When I read your "Casimir Maremma," and Ruth and Glenant were travelling through Russia, I thought of this travel of mine; but it was not in Russia. How I did enjoy it! As I have said before, these were, indeed, happy days. We hardly ever met a soul.

SIR ARTHUR. But what did you think of? What did you do?

ELLESMERE. I took stock, as commercial people

would say. Hour after hour I examined myself as to what I knew, and could produce. I tried myself in history, in theology, in poetry. I am not learned like you, Sir Arthur, or like my friend Milverton; but still I have read something; and, in history, went down from what little I knew of Assyrian and Persian monarchies to Lord Stanhope's "Life of Pitt." The day, the wet, dreary day, as some people might have called it, was only too short for me. What vexed me, if anything could vex me then, was to find how little poetry, except that of Horace, I knew by heart.

But I bore you all with these egotistical reminiscences.

LADY ELLESMERE. No, no, John; you do not. Please go on.

ELLESMERE. Well, my love, I will describe to you one day of these memorable four days, for there was a little incident in it, and one that I have sometimes thought of since.

It was one of the worst of these terrible days of rain. There had not been the slightest cessation of downpour from the hour we started (half-past three o'clock A.M.) until about the time I am about to describe, which was when the setting sun, though he had never shown his face to me, was being drowned in rain. It had been a very glad and happy day for

me, though we had met with more even than the usual difficulties. By the way, I may mention that whenever we had passed through any town or large village, I had bought some additional wrappage; but nothing could keep out the wet. There was a leathern apron to the britzska, and in it a little pond would be formed which swayed to and fro as we galloped on (for we had, I remember, come into a higher region, and had got rid of our oxen, which were only needed on the inundated roads in the valleys), and which quietly permeated through the leather upon my unfortunate knees.

Evening was coming on, and the postboy on the wheelers pointed with his whip to a light which gleamed through the forest. I supposed he asked something which required my assent, and I said, "Ya," and then we dashed on towards the light. We turned off the main road, I noticed, and approached a long, low wooden building. How strongly now the whole scene is before me as we came to the porch of this building. The dripping postboys sprang joyfully from their saddles, and we were enveloped in a dense mist, which rose from the steaming horses, the sheepskin jackets of the boys, from my innumerable wrappings, and even from the britzska itself. Several young men came out from the wooden building and began to pet the horses, some

stroking their ears, others rushing about for hay and water for them; and, notwithstanding the mist, I could not help observing how handsomely all these young men were dressed.

We entered the building; and in a low room, lighted up by torches, we found a large company—large, at least, for those solitary parts—assembled in gala dress. It was a marriage festival. The golden ornaments, their future dowries, gleamed in the soft yellow hair of the maidens and seemed as if they were portions of that hair compressed into rigid forms of beauty.

They immediately offered to us something to drink out of a huge silver bowl. It was a generous and highly-spiced liquid, reminding me of the elderberry wine of my youth. We had interrupted dancing. The music struck up again. The dance, which was a sort of polka or mazurka, was recommenced. I seized upon the bride as a partner. An old man had brought her forward, with a little shy reluctance on her part, to me, and the old gentleman had said something which, even with my slight knowledge of the language, had made me aware that she was a bride, and the heroine of the evening. My postboys made their choice amongst the maidens, and the merry dance went on. When it had ended I was anxious to commence again, but the elder post-boy approached me, shrugged his shoulders, said some-

thing about "night," and I saw that we must not delay any longer, though, in this enchanted palace of a wood-hut, I should have liked to have remained the whole night. I resumed the wet wrappings which I had thrown into the corner of the room when I began to dance; and the postboys put on their sheepskin jackets. I bent down and kissed the bride (I thought there could not be any harm in doing that); and we went out, followed by the whole company. I am sure ten words had not been spoken by myself, the postboys, and the company, during the whole of this proceeding. I jumped into the britzska; the postboys sprang into their saddles; and, with a hearty cheer from the assembled company, we dashed again into the darkness of the forest, to speed on our weary way until we reached the next post-house.

Perhaps at this moment the bride (she is still so to me, still a young, fair-haired, pretty, determined-looking girl, who seemed to say, by her looks, "I have made a good choice, and I am proud of it") is now saying, "I wonder, Karl, what has become of that wild young Englishman who appeared like a meteor on our marriage-day. I wonder whether he is married, and what his wife is like." "How do you know," replies the solid husband, "that he was not married then?" "Oh, my dear, one can always tell

that!" "I suppose one can," rejoins the husband, with a sigh which is not audible. And these are the only sighs—the suppressed sighs—which could tell you anything about the real feelings of the sigher. I do not make much account of those sighs which are to be heard by the rest of the company.

And, as you see, the bride and I are still young to one another, and shall ever remain so as long as we cumber the surface of this dreary world. I should not care to see her again.

LADY ELLESMERE. Now all this would have been very pretty if John had not spoilt it at the last by a sneering reflection intended against matrimony. As we say in Devonshire, "It is a bad cow that always kicks down the pail."

ELLESMERE. My version of the proverb is different, "It is the cow that yields most milk which most frequently kicks down the pail, and has the most right to do so." But there, have I not justified my love of silence and of solitude, and do you not all agree with me that those four days must have been most happy days, and that the continuous downpour of rain is a much lesser evil than the continuance of the noise and nonsense which one hears ever in the noisy Babel of the so-called civilized regions of the world?

MAULEVERER. My dear Sir John, let us embrace; and let it be more than a stage embrace, for you are

the only person in this company with whom I can ever feel real sympathy. You understand the world, I see.

ELLESMERE. No, Mauleverer; at any rate, not as you do, for it is only sometimes that I like the world of solitude and silence.

MILVERTON. Ellesmere's story puts me in mind of that beautiful Anglo-Saxon poem where, at a banquet, a bird flits through the hall, and the king and his guests feel that it is like a soul flitting through the world—entering from darkness into momentary light and animation, and making its exit again into the darkness.

SIR ARTHUR. Ellesmere tells his travels so well that I should like of all things to hear an account of that adventure which he and Milverton had in Spain. If you recollect, he began it at an early period of the present conversation.

ELLESMERE. With all my heart; I am in a story-telling vein; and it is a most interesting story to me, for I am persuaded I owe my life to Milverton's having been taken to be an idiot—an inspired idiot.

Where was I in the story? Oh, where the guide had convinced me that every man we met would become a robber. Well, on we journeyed, and evening began to darken round us. Milverton's was the best horse; and I fell back and discoursed with the

guide, listening to his tales of horror. Milverton was absorbed in reverie, thinking of some English matter, I have no doubt—perhaps of the currency; but he did not honour me with a single word, even when I was by his side.

Presently we were joined by two men on horseback, with guns slung across their shoulders. They proposed in a rather peremptory way that we should go to their village, a village to which our guide had previously resolved to give a very wide berth, it having a most evil reputation. But my horse was thoroughly jaded; otherwise, as my guide whispered to me in Italian, we might have taken to flight. As it was, he thought we had better go with them; we could not be worse off than we were.

We came to the village, which consisted of a few scattered hovels perched upon crags of rock — a robbers' hold, if ever there was one. We were shown to the principal hovel, and accommodated with a stable, which was to be bedroom and parlour and all for us. Milverton, meanwhile, had never made a remark: he was deep in his currency, and occasionally talked to himself.

After we had dismounted, Milverton proceeded, without saying a word to me, and with his hands behind his back in a Napoleonic attitude, to one of these crag-perched hovels—the best-looking one—

and entered it, quite as if it belonged to him. There was a beautiful young woman in it, with a child in her arms—a woman, with dark eyes, brilliant complexion, and severe mouth, who would have gained five shillings an hour as a model for a bandit's bride. The only article of furniture in the room—literally so—was a long, elaborately-carved oaken chest, full, I have no doubt, of the spoil of murdered travellers.

After the usual salutations had been made, and after the bandit's wife had told Milverton that her house was at his disposition, which must have been a great comfort to him to hear, Milverton advanced to the woman, poked the child's face with his finger in the way that fathers of families do—Milverton was always a father of a family—took it in his arms, and seated himself on the oak chest. By this time two or three other women had come in, and a small mob of boys and girls. Milverton, while nursing the baby, and stuffing a bit of chocolate into its mouth, found time to take out a handful of what looked like stamped dirt with specks of silver upon it—the currency of the country—and divided the treasure amongst the urchins. Loud were the blessings which they poured out upon him.

Meanwhile four or five fierce-looking men, with guns at their backs, had entered the room. I got behind the oak chest. I was very fond of Milverton

then, and I resolved to do my utmost to avenge him if they should slaughter him then and there.

The principal man—the beautiful woman's husband—asked Milverton who he was, and why they were honoured by his presence. I observed deprecatory looks pass from the women to the men.

Milverton, quite feeling that he was with "friends in council," discoursed just as he is wont to do to us.

By the way, feeling it to be an opportune moment, he pulled out his watch, and gave it to the baby to suck.

Well he told them he was an Englishman—they had probably never seen an Englishman. His friend, too, was an Englishman. They said he was of a very different colour from himself, but of the right and proper colour for an Englishman. Then Milverton, wishing to enlighten these savages, discussed the relative merits of the English and Spanish climates, and explained to them what ice is like.

But why had he come there? they asked. Well, he said, Spain had once been a much greater country than it is now, and had conquered great countries over the sea hundreds of years ago; and he wanted to tell the story of these grand doings, and he had come to find the facts for his story; and he was going to Malaga.

Was he rich? No, he said (here was the only

faint gleam of common sense in his discourse), no, he was not rich in his own country. If he were, he would come and buy a bit of land near them (for he had never seen any country so beautiful), and he would live with them sometimes. When he returned to England he would tell his friends there, what good people the Spaniards were. This gracious promise was received with loud acclamations.

Then he rose; and here came the acme of his audacity. As he was leaving the hovel, he turned, and begged them not to forget him: he should return in two months time, he thought, this way; and he prayed that God might always be with their honours. (*Que siempre vaya Dios con sus Mercedes.*) In his absent way, he had begun to take his departure with the child still in his arms. He returned, and placed the child in its mother's arms again, of course kissing it while doing so. Milverton is always ready to kiss any dirty little brat. I believe he really likes it. What a candidate he would have made! As we went back to the stable that had been given to us, we were followed by all the little bandit boys and girls. I recollect that our guide, who had probably heard the result of the interview, received us with great pleasure, and bowed before Milverton as if he were a superior being. The manners, too, of our host were changed. He held out hopes that we should

have the honour of sleeping in the same room with his wife and himself. After we had partaken of an *olla podrida*, or some other horrid dish, which seemed to be composed chiefly of garlic, we were ushered into the host's bedroom. A little straw was spread upon the floor for Milverton and myself. His head was turned away from mine host and hostess. Mine commanded their bed. Milverton slept the sleep of the just; and snored as the just are wont to do under favourable circumstances. I could not sleep a wink, being conscious of our peril; but I kept quite still. About one o'clock in the morning, as nearly as I could conjecture, our host got up in a stealthy manner from his bed. Now, I thought, the murdering is going to begin. But the fat man—he was an immensely fat man, and was, I believe, the principal receiver of stolen goods in this estimable community—groped under the bed (he had lighted a candle), opened a trap-door, and took out a little box. This box he carried into bed with him; and then he and his wife took out of it some money, and counted it over several times in the most stealthy and silent manner. Then they put it into the box again; and the old gentleman got out of bed, and deposited his treasure in the hole from which it had been taken. Then he put out the candle, and all was quiet again. I felt sure that this was the nightly

exercise of this exemplary couple, who never dared to look at their money, or count it, by daylight. In another hour or two the guide called us; and we stole away quietly, after reckoning with our host, and left the village. By the way, we were nearly drowned in fording a river which we came upon after we had descended the heights on which the village is perched. During our journey, the guide regaled me with a story about the ears of two Frenchmen who had been caught by the robbers in that neighbourhood, and whose ears, he thought, in a dried state, would have been found in that oak chest upon which Milverton had sat so complacently, discoursing, so much to his own satisfaction, upon the present wonders of Great Britain and the past glories of Spain. The Frenchmen, it appeared, had not been sufficiently expeditious in providing for their ransom.

MILVERTON. You never told me anything of all this, Ellesmere. I recognise the transaction. I certainly did not partake your fears.

ELLESMERE. Why should I tell you? Another time you would not have been able to act with the supreme unconsciousness of an inspired idiot. Surely you must have noticed how respectful our guide was to you from that time forward. He told me you had the "happy eye, and that no *loco* (madman) could have been received with more respect." There was

a great meeting after you left the bandit's hut, and it was then resolved not to harm you; in fact, I believe that they thought you would come back, and become one of their chiefs; and indeed nobody would conduct robbery and murder with a more complete conviction that he was doing the proper thing than you would, if you had once made up your mind to do so.

MILVERTON. Ellesmere having finished his story, which seems to me rather highly-coloured, I should like to tell you some things about my hero, Casimir Maremma, which have not been told in my story. They are chiefly gathered from his own letters. I was afraid to give too many of these letters. The world being, in our days, so rich in literature, is naturally impatient of anything being thoroughly well worked out. For a thing to be well worked out, there must be long, dull passages; and the majority of readers tolerate with difficulty whatever detains them from the main current of a story.

ELLESMERE. I, being a very humble person, beg, in this instance, to be enrolled in the majority.

MILVERTON. But you will not object to hear what I have to tell you about Casimir's most intimate views and projects.

ELLESMERE. No, conversation is a very different

thing from a story, and admits of dulness, otherwise there would be few long conversations in the world.

MILVERTON. Well, you must know that Casimir's object was not merely to remove human beings from a squalid and miserable position here. It was not even to found in South America a state which should have a material prosperity pervading the whole people, and unknown here. But it was to found a new state in which there should be a probability of the development of new ideas. I gathered this from the letters which he dictated to his cousin Alice, and in which I should think many of Thurston's ideas, as well as of Casimir's, are to be found. There is one letter in which he puts me so much in mind of Tasso. You have read Tasso, Sir Arthur?

SIR ARTHUR. Yes, in former days.

ELLESMERE. Milverton does not appeal to me; he knows that *I* do not waste *my* time in that way.

MILVERTON. There is an exquisite passage in the "Aminta" of Tasso, in which he describes the golden age.

SIR ARTHUR. I recollect it.

MILVERTON. Tasso makes his chorus say something of this kind: "Oh! beautiful age of gold; not beautiful because the rivers flowed with milk, and the woods distilled honey; not beautiful because

there was an unclouded sky and perpetual spring; not beautiful because the earth, untouched by the plough, gave forth its fruits, nor because serpents wandered without anger and without poison." I recollect the very words here:—

> " Non perché i frutti loro
> Dier dall' aratro intatte
> Le terre, e gli angui errâr senz' ira, o tosco;"

"but because that vain name—that idol of deceit which, by the insane vulgar, was afterwards called '*honour*,' was unknown." Well, Casimir, quite unconscious of Tasso's sentiments, writes much in the same strain to his father. He says: "I do not desire to found this colony, my dear father, merely because we may remove people from the miserable suburbs of London, and place them in a land which, to use a Scripture phrase, is 'flowing with milk and honey;' but I wish to place them in a land and under a system of government, where, being less distracted by the sordid cares and miseries of life" (you may have observed that Casimir is always making use of the word sordid), "they would be able to enter upon great enterprises in literature, art, and science, unshackled and untormented by that error of the human soul—that god of modern times—*conformity*."

You may smile at the boy's enthusiasm (I could not help smiling too, when I first read the words), but you cannot help admiring him, and wishing him success.

Then he discusses theology, and says (I suspect Thurston of these thoughts), if you were to write anything new about theology in these regions, anything thoroughly independent, you would find yourself at once classed with some particular sect; would be led into defending the peculiar tenets of that sect as if they were your own; and would end in losing all your force and originality.

Then the young man goes into a discussion of the dreadful effects of habit and familiarity; and he takes the oddest example to prove this. He says to his father, "You must have observed, my dear father, a common exclamation of the English people; they are always saying, 'Oh dear! oh dear!' but they have no substantive to join to that adjective. If a minister of state is worried by the length of the session, he says, 'Oh dear! oh dear! this session will never end.' If a literary man is looking over an index to find what he wants, and cannot find it, he exclaims, 'Oh dear! oh dear! how I wish that the compilers of indexes would perceive that they are more important persons than the authors who write the books.' The scientific man exclaims, 'Oh dear! oh

dear! my assistant has left the stopper out of the bottle of oxalic acid.' All day long, you may hear, 'Oh dear! oh dear!' Now, turn it into any other language, and how absurd it sounds: *O caro! O caro!* I merely give you this instance to illustrate to you, my dear father, what creatures of habit we are, and how we use phrases without attaching the least meaning to them."

ELLESMERE. What a young brute of a pedant he is; but yet, I must own, an interesting sort of a fellow.

MILVERTON. And then he goes on to say, "Don't you think, my dear father, that there are phrases of the mind and of the soul which are used with a similar unconsciousness of any meaning, and which may yet be very potent? Now, in my new colony, there will be new modes of thought and feeling, new phraseology, and much good will come of this newness."

CRANMER. You know, Milverton, that I am heartily with you; but I feel honestly bound to say something which may be unpleasant to you, or rather to your Casimir. After all, what a drop in the ocean is this small attempt at colonization of which Casimir is to be the head. Why, as Sir Arthur has said, more people will go out from Liverpool in one week than your Casimir will be able to take with him.

MILVERTON. I have been expecting this remark. Indeed, Ellesmere has not been quite himself in not having anticipated you in making it.

All I can say in reply is, that there may not only be one Casimir, but many Casimirs; and that if once the idea of some organization being, before all things, necessary in colonizing, should pervade colonizers, we may have organized communities of emigrants, although they may not always have such a man as Casimir Maremma at their head.

How, ever, are great things to be done in this world but by some man, or men, being indoctrinated with the great idea of doing these things in the noblest, and, if we may say so, using a word which always carries some reproach with it, in the most Utopian fashion. What is Christianity, in fact, but Utopian,—a thing to be ever aimed at, but never to be reached, at least in this world?

We will not talk any more. I am sure all of you are tired; but this I do say, that if we are ever to have colonization upon a great scale, it should be of the kind that my friend Casimir Maremma has undertaken. It should be a microcosm of the macrocosm of the country from which the colony is sent out. What is instinct, but direct God-given knowledge? The swarm of bees, as Casimir told you, furnishes some part of the ideal you are to aim at.

It is in itself perfect. It will produce a swarm of bees as clever, as adroit, and as fructifying as those which inhabited the parent hive; but a swarm of men ought to be something, and do something, more. For what is the difference between men and insects; but that the former can improve, and the latter cannot. The new swarm of men ought to profit by all the errors (alas! how numerous) that have been committed in the parent hive.

CRANMER. My dear Milverton, another point I must take against you. In this story, which, I have no doubt, has a great deal of real life in it, you only dwell upon what can be done by the private individual, by your Casimir Maremma; but you do not tell us what should be done by the state.

MILVERTON. My dear Cranmer, as a man of business, you will surely admit that it is advisable to deal with separate things separately. My object in this tale, which, as you conjecture, has a good deal of real life in it, is to show what private individuals can do as regards emigration.

If you were to ask me what the state could do, I should say that the state would do most, and most wisely, in favouring private enterprises, such as that of Casimir Maremma, for instance. But if it must attempt anything for itself, I should then say that its plans should be laid down after a similar fashion to that of private enterprise.

My main idea, as you will easily have seen, is that emigration without leadership is a mistake. I do not much care how the leadership is provided; but there it must be. I protest against emigrants being sent out, shipload by shipload, without there being any person or persons to protect them, lead them, and further their objects, when they arrive in a new country. I must go back, however pedantic it may seem to you, to the ancient systems of emigration. The ancients were no fools. And I do contend that if there is anything in the world which requires leadership, it is emigration. I appeal to Sir Arthur, and I ask him, if he can imagine that emigration would have been allowed to take place from Athens, Sparta, Thebes, or in aftertimes from Rome, unless there had been leaders to guide it, protect it, and make it successful in the countries to which it was directed.

SIR ARTHUR. I entirely agree with you, Milverton; and I say too, that there is no enterprise in the world which so absolutely and entirely requires leadership as emigration.

ELLESMERE. But if the leaders are enthusiasts, what then?

MILVERTON. What then? Why, I contend that enthusiasm is one of the most essential requisites for a leader in this matter. The mistake has been that

leadership has been only thought requisite in transferring a number of poor people from the exporting to the importing country, whereas I am as sure as I can be sure of anything, that this leadership is more needful after the poor emigrants are landed in another country than it is in persuading them to go to that country, and in conducting them to it. It is one of the worst peculiarities of modern life that we are all inclined to do things by halves, and that we seldom are *thorough* in any great design. I dote upon that word *thorough*, which was so often interchanged between Laud and Lord Strafford. There is no comparison between the man who does anything thoroughly, and the man who executes a portion only of the enterprise he aims at—choosing, of course, that portion which is, as he supposes, most convenient and most suitable for him. There is nothing so wanting in this age as thorough-going persons.

SIR ARTHUR. I think, Milverton, that Cranmer is not far wrong in asking you, what should be done by the state to promote emigration?

MILVERTON. And I think that I am not far wrong in declining to give any precise answer to that question.

At the time when I sat down to write the adventures of Casimir Maremma, nobody was thinking particularly about emigration. Now, it happens to

be almost the principal topic of the day; and, though we British pretend to be independent of all government, the moment there comes any difficulty, we ask the government, "what are you going to do?"

My story of Casimir Maremma is addressed to private individuals. The question of any great scheme of emigration, to be fostered and furthered by government, was not before me. I decline, therefore, at a moment's notice, to go into it. Give me three months time, and I will tell you what I think about it.

ELLESMERE. Milverton is right.

MILVERTON. What, for the third time in his life, Ellesmere?

ELLESMERE. Yes: it is my fortune, good or bad, to agree with you for the third time. I hate to hear people talk about serious matters in a chance way. They say things without sufficient thought, and then feel themselves bound ever afterwards to defend their rash and crude sayings. I really do not want to hear what Milverton would say about state interference in this matter, until he has thought well over it. Besides, we should be a little cautious in this matter for our own sakes. If Milverton writes a story about government emigration, Cranmer will be made the hero of it; and I do not envy those people who will have to read Cranmer's blue books, in the

shape of letters, which will occupy a large part of the story.

Here the conversation ended; and with it I venture to commend the story of Casimir Maremma to the British public.

THE END.

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